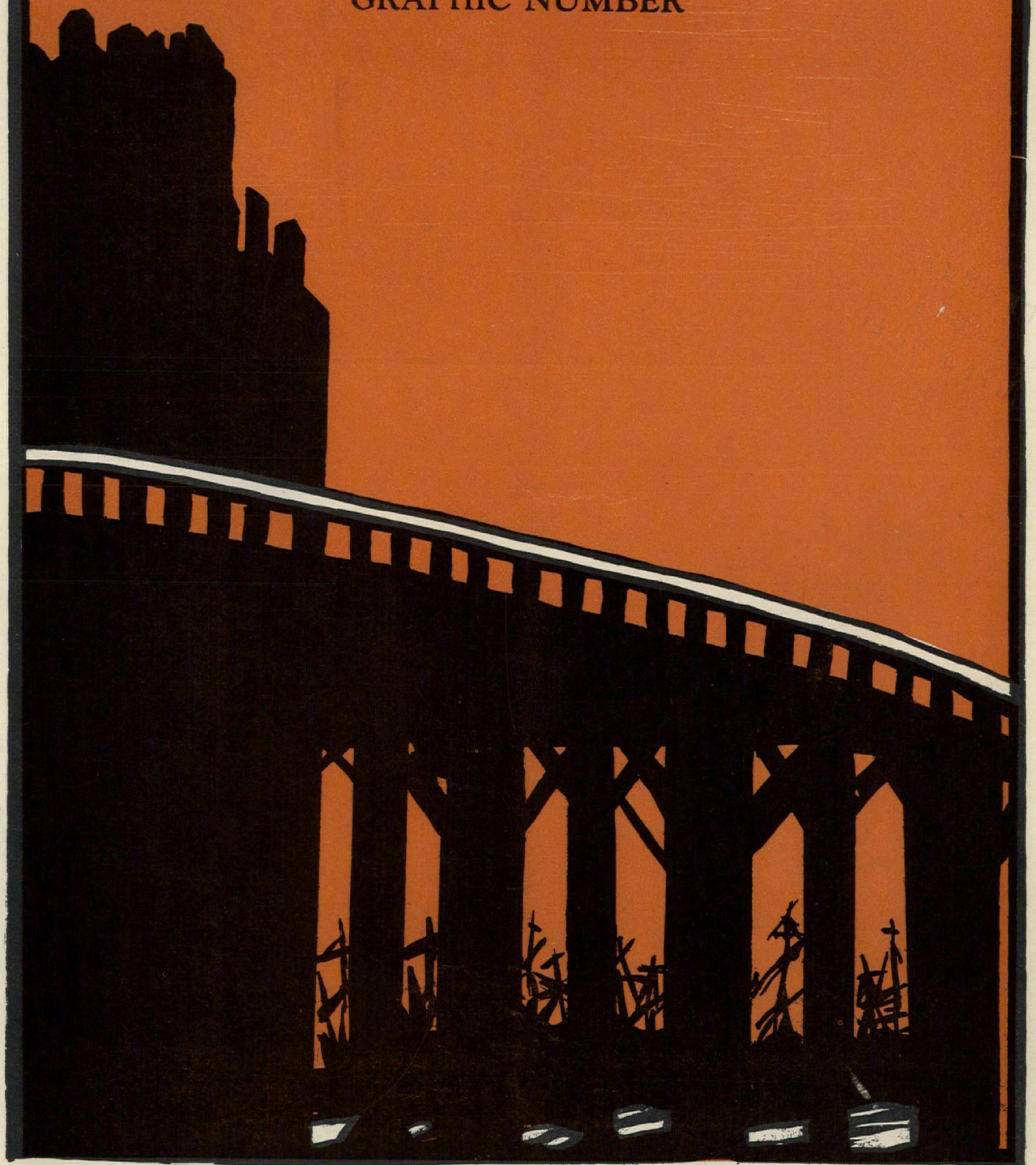
THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER



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Hendrik Willem Van Loon

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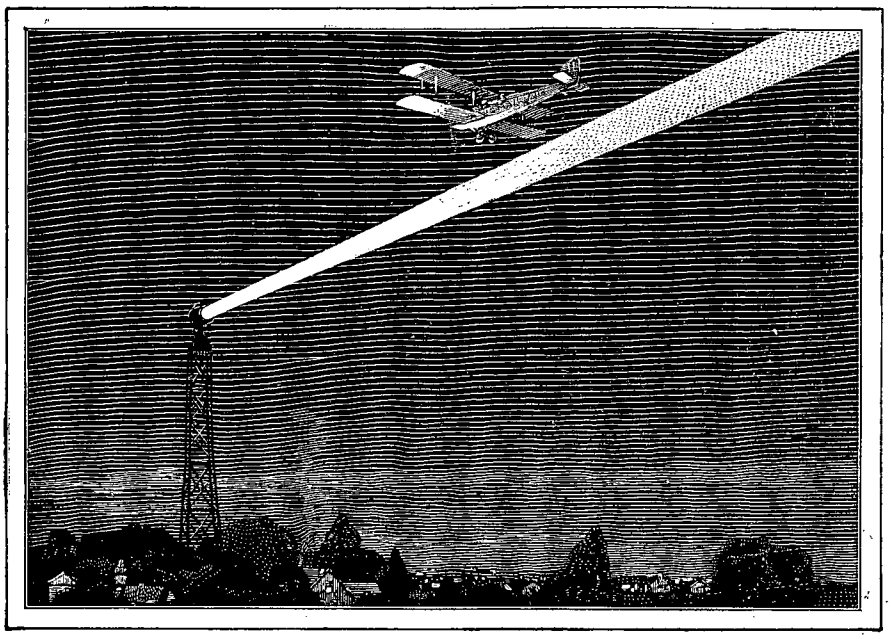

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Families of evicted miners at Crown Hill, West Virginia

You Can Help These Victims of a Bitter Industrial War

ALL along the Kanawha Valley in West Virginia today, evicted union coal-miners and their families are fighting Labor's Valley Forge. They are living out in tents and windswept shacks because they will not accept a thirty-eight per cent wage reduction.

The United Mine Workers of America is providing shelter and rations enough for a bare existence to twenty thousand men, women and children.

It is impossible for the union to supply shoes and warm clothing for the women and children. And the need is desperate.

Whatever your economic views, you are not willing to stand idly aside when there is real suffering among your own people. These miners are for the most part American-born with a fine spirit of independence. Some of them have fought for what they believe is right, for three bitter years.

Whatever you give will be effectively spent for immediate relief.

Send shoes, warm clothing, or best of all money donations to

---------- USE THIS COUPON ----------

Will C. Thompson,
Secretary Treasurer, Dist. 17, U. M. W. of A.
120½ Summers St., Charleston, W. Va

Enclosed is my contribution for relief of West Virginia miners

Name ..... Address .....

.....

This advertisement is sponsored by a joint committee of the League for Industrial Democracy and The American Civil Liberties Union which recently sent a trained investigator to West Virginia who obtained the facts given above. The Committee is composed of Roger Baldwin, Norman Thomas, Robert Morss Lovett and Arthur Hays.

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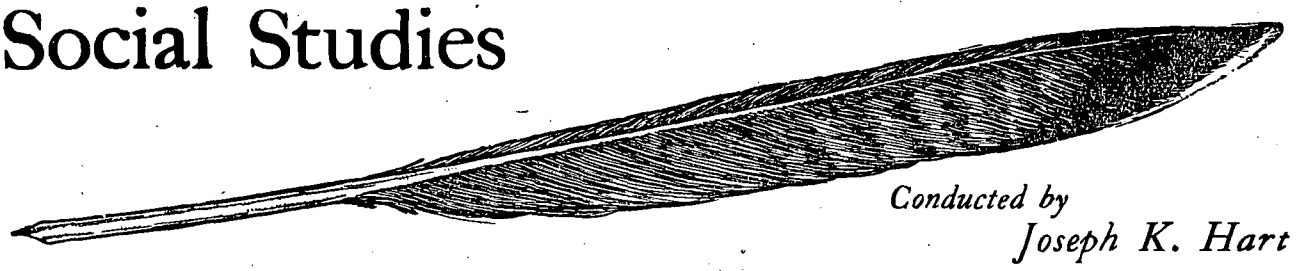
Social Studies



Conducted by
Joseph K. Hart

The Aggressive Defense

THERE are a lot of people who like to be Horatius at the Bridge but who have no stomach at all for playing David. They will fight with back against the wall—but they avoid trouble as long as they can. And since there are not nearly as many Bridges as there are fights, they often find themselves in a very tight hole indeed. It isn't always enough to hold one's own; sometimes it is necessary to carry the fight into the enemy's country. Here is Nicholas Murray Butler, for instance, bewailing the fact that ignorance is still so prevalent among his contemporaries that the job of education is hardly worth the candle. Perhaps he has been too busy digging in with the truth he had, when if he had made a few forays over the breastworks he might have brought whole squads of errors into camp. Families in trouble didn't get far out of trouble so long as society closed ranks about the pauper; it took a deal of skirmishing to kill off some of the wolves before they reached the door. We thought for a while during the last war that we could keep bombing aeroplanes away by pot-shooting at them from anti-aircraft guns. Now Lord Thomson tells us that the best defense against a bombing squadron is to go posthaste and bomb its own home-town. Perhaps the same tactics would help elsewhere. It certainly is not enough to say "War must not happen again. We won't let it." Pacifists are taking the aggressive. We need more conferences on the cause and cure of war, and a deal more of leadership in attacking the causes which we already know too well. It isn't enough, as Mary Van Kleeck points out, to stand firm against strikes and grievances in industry; it's the scouts out in front of the lines who find the way to turn the flank of distrust. It's not enough to dig our trenches along the line of psychological inferiority and tell our brothers with a low I. Q. to hang on till death; the psychiatrists have conceived the brilliant idea of making the world itself safe for personality. It is not even enough to slaughter the tubercles where they stand; we must find a way to counter-attack their poisonous influence while we slay them. To "save civilization" it seems not to be enough to stand pat; sometimes the best defense is to attack.

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Eat your A B C's

THE most daring raider that sailed the seas during the World War was forced to dash for port after more than eight months of buccaneering—with more than 100 of the crew sick unto death and the remainder on the verge of the same peculiar illness.

What had happened? All had been rugged, picked men. They had lived well, seemingly, during their months at sea on a fare consisting mainly of meat, mashed potatoes, white bread, sweet cakes, tea and coffee, with occasional treats of fat and cheese. Yet it was found that the lack of certain vital food elements had made these strong men sick! The minerals and vitamins that must be part of a life-sustaining diet were missing. When these were supplied in the form of fresh vegetables, eggs, whole wheat bread, fresh milk and the juice of oranges the men quickly recovered.

Medical authorities are giving more and more study to the prevention and cure of disease by use of proper foods. If we wish to be well, happy and efficient, we must eat the right food.

We eat three supposedly good meals a day—and still we may be starving for the vital elements our bodies need. Some "prepared" foods have been robbed of important health-giving elements which Nature put in them. It is easy to over-eat and still be under-nourished.

Many of our physical ailments could be avoided by giving proper attention to the selection of food. Nutrition is an individual problem and it varies according to age. For instance, the person of advancing years needs a greater amount and a greater proportion of "roughage" than a child—roughage in the form of whole wheat, whole cereals, bran or bulky vegetables and fruits.

Variety in the diet is absolutely essential. Children, especially, need pure milk, vegetables and fruit. An insufficiency of these foods is frequently the cause of thinness and stunted growth.

The mistake that many people make is in neglecting to use enough milk, whole wheat bread, fruits, vegetables and whole grain cereals from which the outer covering has not been removed—rice, wheat, oats, corn, barley—the *natural* foods in which vitamins and minerals are most plentiful. Without them the teeth, blood and bones will suffer, and bodily functions will be interfered with. Without vitamins there can be neither growth nor health.

Make no mistake—the most important health law is the law of keeping well by eating the right food.

According to the American Medical Association vitamins are constituents of our food that are essential to health. Three are known at present designated as Vitamins A, B and C. (see chart below.)

A deficiency of "A" in the diet may result in symptoms of rickets and a disease of the eyes as well as lack of normal development.

A deficiency of "B" may result in the loss of appetite and symptoms of a disease of the nerves called beri-beri.

A deficiency of "C" may result in symptoms of scurvy.

A deficiency of *any* of the vitamins in the diet of children will result in impaired growth and health.

Vitamins in Food

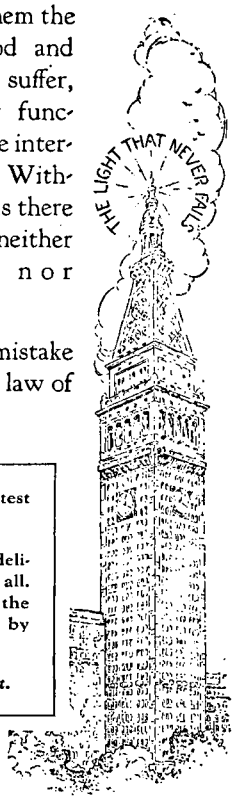
	"A"	"B"	"C"
BREAD, WHITE (WATER)	?	+	–
" , " (MILK)	+	+	?
" WHOLE WHEAT (WATER)	+	++	?
" , " (MILK)	++	++	?
BARLEY (WHOLE)	+	++	–
CORN, YELLOW	+	++	–
OATS	+	++	–
MEAT, LEAN	–to+	+?	+?
BEEF FAT	+	–	–
MUTTON FAT	+	–	–
PIG KIDNEY FAT	++	–	–
OLEOMARGARINE	+	–	–
LIVER	++	++	+
KIDNEY	++	++	+?
BRAINS	+	++	+?
SWEETBREADS	+	+	*
FISH, LEAN	–	+	*
" , FAT	+	+	*
" , ROE	+	++	+?
MILK, FRESH	+++	++	+V
" , CONDENSED	+++	++	+V
" , DRIED, (WHOLE)	+++	++	+V
" , SKIMMED	+	++	+V
BUTTERMILK	+	++	+V
CREAM	+++	++	+V
BUTTER	+++	–	–
CHEESE	++	*	*
COTTAGE CHEESE	+	*	*
EGGS	++	+	+?
ALMONDS	+	+	*
COCONUT	+	++	*
HICKORY NUTS	*	++	*
PEANUTS	+	++	*
PECANS	*	+	*
WALNUTS	*	++	*

	"A"	"B"	"C"
TOMATOES (RAW OR COOKED)	++	+++	+++
BEANS, KIDNEY	*	+++	*
" , NAVY	*	+++	–
" , STRING (FRESH)	++	++	++
CABBAGE, FRESH, RAW	+	+++	+?
" , COOKED	+	++	+?
CARROTS, FRESH, RAW	++	++	++
" , COOKED	++	+	+
CAULIFLOWER	+	++	+
CELERY	*	+	*
CUCUMBER	*	+	*
DANDELION GREENS	++	++	+
EGGPLANT, DRIED	*	++	*
LETTUCE	++	++	+++
ONIONS	*	++	++
PARSNIP	–?	++	*
PEAS	++	++	+?
POTATOES (BOILED 15 MIN.)	*	++	+?
" (" 1 HOUR)	*	++	+?
" (BAKED)	*	++	+
SWEET POTATOES	++	+	*
RADISH	*	+	*
RUTABAGA	–?	++	+++?
SPINACH, FRESH	+++	+++	*
" , DRIED	+++	++	*
SQUASH, HUBBARD	++	*	*
TURNIPS	–?	++	*
APPLES	+	+	+
BANANAS	+?	+?	+
GRAPE JUICE	*	+	+
GRAPEFRUIT	*	++	++
LEMON JUICE	*	++	+++
ORANGE JUICE	+	++	+++
PRUNES	*	+	–
RASPBERRIES (FRESH OR CANNED)	*	*	+++

\+ ... contains the Vitamin
++ ... good source of the Vitamin
+++ ... excellent source of the Vitamin
– ... no appreciable amount of the Vitamin
? ... doubt as to presence or relative amount
* ... evidence lacking or insufficient
V ... variable

A WELL BALANCED DAILY DIET

1. Milk—a quart for a child, a pint for an adult—as a beverage or used in cooking. 2. Vegetables—Two daily.
3. Fresh Fruits—At least once daily.
4. Meat, or Fish, or Eggs or Cheese or Beans or Lentils.
5. Bread and Cereals—Preferably whole wheat and other entire grain. 6. Fat—Butter or other fat in some form every day.
7. Sweets—Best when taken in a moderate amount at mealtime.



Keep this page where you can refer to it readily for guidance. If upon your judgment depends the choice of food for your family, remember that you have their health in your keeping.

Good food is not necessarily expensive. The cheapest food is often most nutritious. The most expensive food is frequently harmful. The important thing is wise selection. Select your diet from the Vitamin Chart on this page so that the proportions of Vitamins A, B, C are equally well balanced.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the great importance of making certain that good food is not spoiled in the cooking and has prepared a practical new Cook Book which tells how to prepare food to obtain the greatest amount of nutriment.

This book, containing hundreds of delicious, economical recipes, is free to all. Your name on a post-card asking for the Metropolitan Cook Book will bring it by return mail.

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That Harlem Number

ENGRAVERS' proofs of Winold Reiss's vivid studies of Negro types, and printers' proofs of the leading articles in the March Graphic have been greeted with such enthusiasm in the office this week that it has been hard enough to tear the editors away from them to finish up this present number. We are able now to make more detailed announcements:

Alain Locke—*The New Negro*

Professor of philosophy in Howard University, educated at Harvard, Oxford and Berlin Universities—restates the Negro's attitude toward himself and his world in fresh and brilliant fashion.

James Weldon Johnson—*The Making of Harlem*

Executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; journalist, editor, poet, publicist, author of Fifty Years and After, Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man; editor of The Book of American Negro Poetry—tells how Harlem came into being.

Charles S. Johnson—*Black Workers and the City*

Directors of publicity and research of the National Urban League; editor of Opportunity; a Journal of Negro Life; assistant secretary of the Chicago Commission on Race Relations; social survey expert—studies the economic and social adjustment of the oncoming masses to the life of New York.

Rudolf Fisher—*The South Lingers On*

A young short-story writer of distinctive achievement, graduate of Brown and Howard Universities—sketches facets of life in Harlem.
Delineator of folk types of international experience and repute—interprets Negro life conceived freshly in its own patterns.

W. E. B. Dubois—*The Black Man Brings His Gifts*

The versatile editor of The Crisis, leader of the intellectual liberals, author of Soule of Black Folk, Darkwater, and The Girl of Black Folk—appraises the contribution of the Negro to America.

Arthur A. Schomberg—*The Negro Digs Up His Past*

Member of the American Negro Academy and New York Society for Historical Research—discusses the efforts of the Negro to reconstruct his own history.

J. A. Rogers—*Jazz at Home*

Author of Man and Superman—characterizes jazz and its makers in their native setting.

Dr. Albert C. Barnes—*Negro Art in America*

Of the Barnes Foundation, art collector, connoisseur and reformer—estimates the art value to America of the Negro in the present and future.

Melville T. Herskowitz—*The Pattern of Harlem*

Instructor in Anthropology at Columbia University—considers the cultural reactions of the Negro to the patterns of America life.

Konrad Bercovici—*Impressions of Harlem*

Author of Dust of New York, Ghitza, Around the World in New York, gives the essence of Harlem as he conceives it.

Walter F. White—*Color Lines*

Journalist, investigator and novelist, assistant secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., author of the recent novel The Fire in the Flint—interprets some of the paradoxes of color in American democracy.

Mrs. Elise McDougald—*Negro Womanhood*

Social worker, vocational expert and leader in women's work—studies the special difficulties and the forward march of Negro women

Kelly Miller—*The Harvest of Race Prejudice*

Dean of Howard University, veteran publicist and essayist, sociologist, author of Race Adjustment, Out of the House of Bondage etc.—takes stock of the products and by-products of race prejudice.

Winthrop D. Lane—*The City Ambush*

Investigator and journalist—studies various forms of exploitation of the Negro.

George E. Haynes—*The Church and the Masses*

Secretary of Commission on Church and Race Relations of Federal Council of Churches—discusses the role of the church in Harlem.

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THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

SO long as war was an affair of "the military" it was perhaps natural to speak of "pacifists" as if they too were a sectarian minority in the body politic. But when war pits whole peoples against each other and sweeps into its service civilian no less certainly than soldier it is inevitable that the mounting resentment against its folly should more and more take on the aspect of a folk movement. It is the "militarists," indeed, who begin to be on the defensive as an obstructionist minority. Among the nine national organizations which have been meeting in Washington to consider ways and means of ending war there is not one "peace society." In the forefront of these who seek to do away with it are men who know war at first hand.

Such is Lord Thomson. Something of his career is told on p. 503 where he writes of the bitter need for aerial disarmament. Here it may be added that he was a major when the war broke out, but that "sheer ability forced him to the front and made him, when it ended, one of the youngest generals in the British Army. He was in the War Office itself in the tense years 1911-14. On top of a period at G. H. Q. in France, he served for eighteen months on the Supreme Council, and then in the Balkans, Russia and Palestine. His final break with the traditions in which he had been educated came with Mr. Churchill's Russian gamble; he resigned and threw in his lot with the Labour Party.

I HAVE been more or less in touch with The Survey," writes the author of The Americanization of 1-A-10 (p. 511) "since the days when my father, William I. Nichols, was secretary of the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities. My own work has been teaching —in private schools, last year (by way of the greatest possible contrast) in a New York high school, and at Hampton." In what she calls "the comparative leisure of matrimony in the country" she hopes to trace for Survey readers the whimsical outlines of other outcroppings in the field of her educational experience.

TO TELL here what Patrick Geddes has done, what he is, and what he represents in that broad stream of human progress where The Survey casts its net would be impossible. You could give the "gist" of New York or Bombay about as easily as you could get Patrick Geddes into a paragraph. Fortunately The Survey had Lewis Mumford to help, and in a couple of pages (pp. 523-4) he sets down some of the facets of this extraordinary thinker and dreamer and doer. Mumford, by the way, is the author (most recently) of a charming study of American architecture as an index to American culture, under the title Sticks and Stones. But perhaps not even Mumford could say so much about Geddes as Geddes says of himself in offering this little device, with the caption Regional Survey, as a favorite self-portrait!

HERBERT PULLINGER, whose lithograph of the graveyard of the battleships at the League Island Navy Yard fronts Lord Thomson's article, will be especially remembered by Survey readers for his drawings of Pennsylvania breakers and collieries in the issue of November 1, 1923. Mr. Pullinger is a Philadelphian who finds his subjects most often in the piled-up masses of cities and industrial centers.

MARY E. WARREN is not the name of the author of Our Town and the Leslies (p. 514). After reading this frank story of a town's failure to see or do its duty, and of some lonely efforts that were made to meet the lack, one will appreciate the reticence which led to the pseudonym.

McALISTER COLEMAN is still, as The Survey remarked in introducing his article on the oil fields of Oklahoma, In Full Boom, in October 1, 1923, and his piece on Herrin just a year later, "a trained newspaperman with a penchant for labor." This time he brings forgotten and unpalatable facts from West Virginia (p. 532).

OF THE contributors from The Survey's own family, Mr. Bruère writes with Samuel Gompers' Autobiography as his background, a critical evaluation of Gompers' assets as a leader of labor (p. 539) which must be put alongside Frank Tannenbaum's vivid picture of Gompers at his last convention, published in the January Graphic. A striking fact, not commonly known, is added to the biographical material by the American Federationist's statement, in its memorial issue of January, 1925, that for the last six years of his life Mr. Gompers had been "almost sightless." Newspapers and correspondence were read to him.

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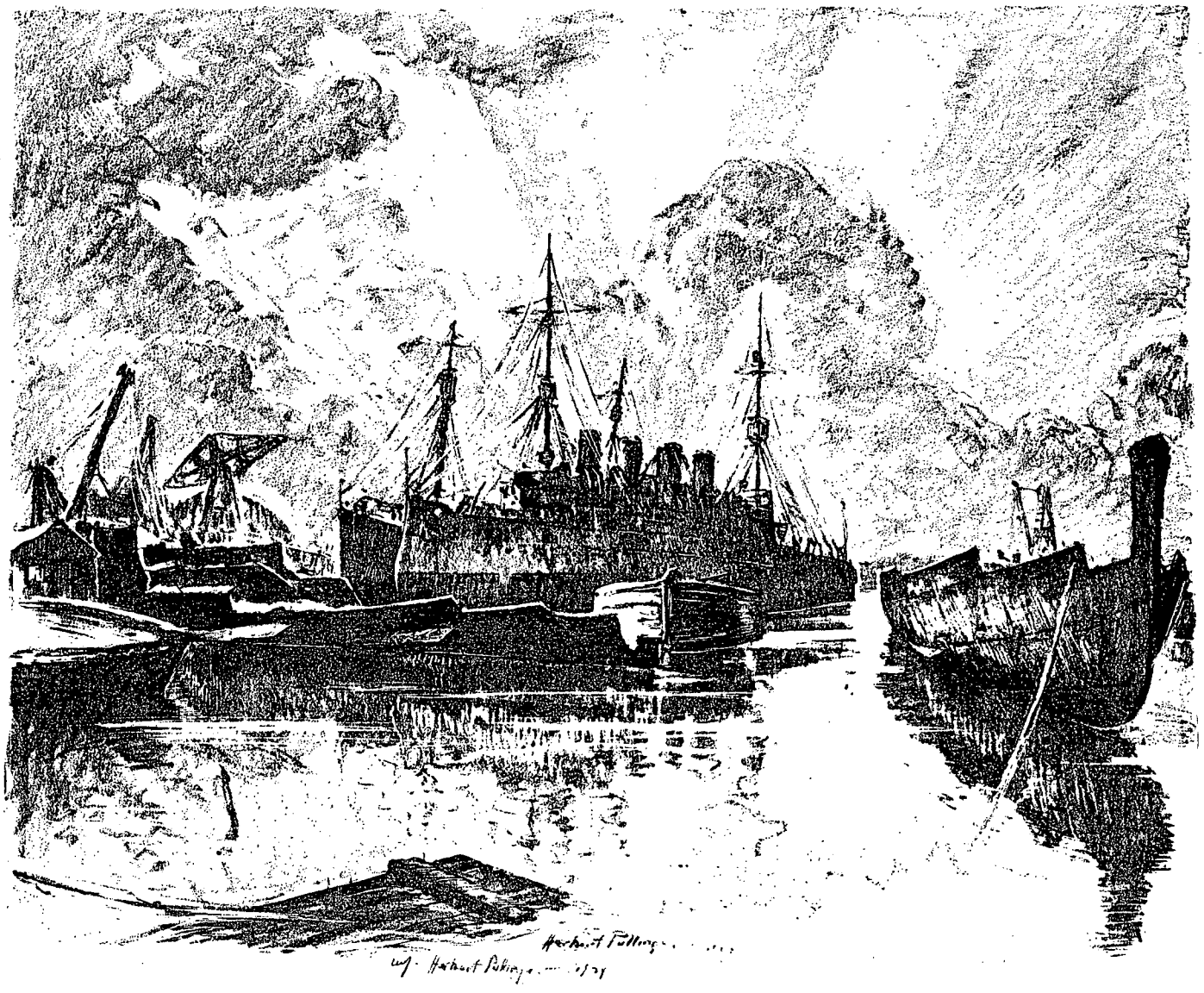

By Herbert Pullinger

LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY YARD: GRAVEYARD OF BATTLESHIPS OF THE SEA UNDER THE LIMITATION OF ARMS AGREEMENT

WHAT ABOUT LIMITATION OF AIR FIGHTING FORCES?

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THE SURVEY
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Aerial Warfare and Disarmament

By BRIGADIER GENERAL THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD THOMSON

THE World War began officially in the British Isles on August 4, 1914. If at that time aviation had attained its present development, the first bombing attack on London could have been made during the evening of that first day of mobilization. Moreover, if the German air force had then been as powerful as the French air force is at the present time, it would have been able to drop anything up to seventy tons of bombs daily on London or other important centers in the British Isles.

These figures give an idea of the form of attack to which the states of Europe will be exposed in the event of another European war. So effective is this new weapon, not only as an instrument of destruction, but also as a means of breaking down the moral of both combatants and civilians, that in future wars between two countries within striking distance by air of one another, it cannot fail to be a decisive factor. In every European state an air force is the first line of defence. Immediately after the declaration of war, while both sides are mobilizing their land and sea forces, the first invasions of enemy territory will be made by airplanes crossing an invisible and indefensible frontier; almost at once there will be encounters in the air. On the result of these encounters the whole course of subsequent hostilities will to a great extent depend. Because if, during this first phase, either side gains complete air supremacy, it will be able to paralyse the action of the opposing fleets and armies by extensive bombing of dockyards and military centers.

Opinions differ as to the lines on which aerial warfare would be conducted in the event of another war in Europe. Some hold that at the earliest opportunity there would be a great aerial battle which would settle once and for all the question of supremacy. No doubt the desire of the nation with the more powerful air force would be to bring about such an engagement, but it is most improbable that those responsible for the conduct of operations on the weaker side would be sufficiently incompetent to let themselves be inveigled into such false strategy.

It was always supposed during the last war that a general fleet engagement would, sooner or later, give victory to one or other set of belligerents. In point of fact no such engagement took place; Jutland was the nearest approach, but even the intention of the German admiral was to avoid encountering the main British fleet. In air strategy the opportunities of avoiding battle are much greater than they are upon the sea; and unless especially unfortunate the side that wished to avoid giving battle would succeed in doing so.

Where the opposing air forces

The Washington conference taught us that some degree of limitation in naval armament can be reached between great nations today. At Geneva in November the question of limiting land armament was uppermost. But the great threat of the future lies in air fleet and chemical laboratory. How can we fend against it? Just at this time, when eight of our own national women's organizations have met in conference on the causes and cure of war, there has come to this country on the invitation of the Foreign Policy Association the most picturesque and forceful rebel against militarism who has emerged from the World War. A member of the Supreme Council in 1917-18, and Secretary for Air in the MacDonald ministry, Lord Thomson speaks with authority and from a full heart on the hideous possibilities of an aerial war and the hope of averting them.

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are practically equal in size and efficiency, it is unlikely that either side would seek an early decision, because for both it would mean putting too many eggs into one basket and neglecting other important features in aerial warfare.

For purposes of illustration, the case of Britain fighting some Continental Power within striking distance by air of her shores will be considered. It will also be assumed that the British are not the aggressors and that the British air force is restricted to taking the most effective measures for repelling and preventing the incursions of enemy air craft.

In these circumstances the enemy's action, to begin with, might be as follow: (1) Bombing such air stations in Britain as had been located. (2) Bombing London as the seat of government with a view to producing panic and hampering the administrative service. (3) Bombing all dock yards within range so as to paralyse as far as possible the movements of our fleet. (4) Bombing ports of embarkation, large military centres like Aldershot, and railway centres in and around London which would be indispensable for the mobilization and concentration of our land forces.

Although it will always be difficult to persuade public opinion of its truth, it is none the less a true statement to say that the only effective defence against attacks of this nature is counterattack. Anti-aircraft guns keep the enemy airplanes at a great height and thus reduce the accuracy of their bombing; home defence squadrons might engage the attacking squadrons in the air before they reached their objective, or failing that, might cut off their retreat. Nevertheless there will be many occasions, and more especially during the hours of darkness, when the enemy will get through unobserved, drop his bombs and get away with relatively little loss. Consequently, if mainly passive measures of defence are opposed to his incursions, he will take the risk knowing that on balance it will pay him well to do so. If, on the other hand, the attack is countered promptly by reprisals against similar objectives, the moral effect on the public in the enemy state will be even greater than in Britain, since our counter-attack would follow their offensive and demonstrate its ineffectiveness.

The material effect of these tactics would be to put the enemy air force, or at any rate a large part of it, on the defensive, and tie machines, which would otherwise be used for bombing British towns, to the more trying and uncertain work of protecting a number of vulnerable points in their own territory from an active and enterprising foe.

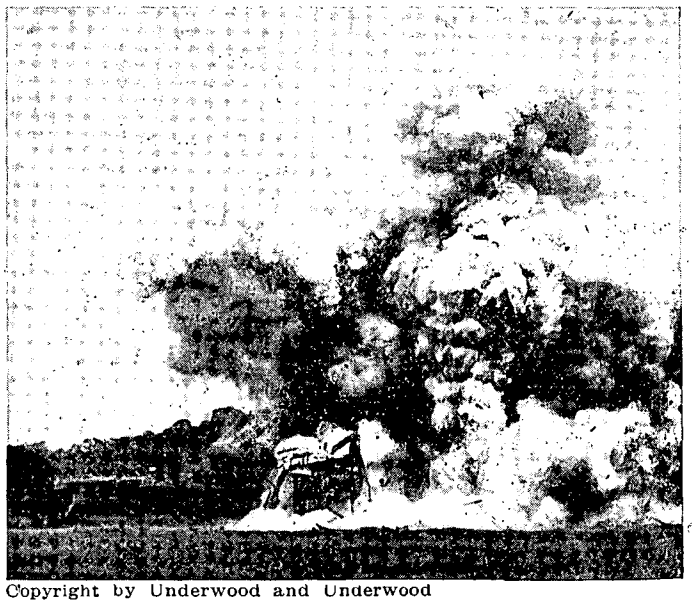
In aerial warfare, as in operations on land and sea, the offensive is the best form of the defensive. Provision has to be made, of course, for purely defensive purposes; squadrons of fighting airplanes, armored and armed with guns, are needed for home defence; but in the end, it will be the weapon of offence, the swift and terrible bombing airplane, whose role is not to fight but to destroy, which will frustrate the enemy's attack.

Once hostilities have taken the course indicated, the armies and navies would be able to mobilize and concentrate in comparative safety. The aerial war would be to a great extent one of attrition, in which ground organization, facilities for expansion, and the durability of engines and fabrics would be at least as important, if not more so, than the number of machines available at the outset of hostilities.

This war of attrition may last long enough to enable armies to be despatched overseas, and give time for old style battles to be fought. But so soon as definite air supremacy had been achieved, the side possessing it, and able to maintain it, would enjoy such an enormous advantage over the other that its final victory could not be long delayed.

TO any one conversant with the progress now being made in the development of air craft, the possibilities of aerial warfare are at once terrible and awe-inspiring; and with their horror goes a splendor of achievement which kindles the dullest imagination. Night flying squadrons will reach the upper air above their target at such a height that the roar of their engines will sound to those below no louder than a droning hum; they will then swoop to rain death and destruction; their asphyxiating and incendiary bombs will in a few short moments make of a prosperous city a smoking charnel house. Or these night raiders may be intercepted, and an aerial battle will ensue, in which the antagonists will be the flower of the male youth in each contending state, manipulating marvellous machines, the latest products of invention in the conquest of the air. The pilots of these engines of destruction must be young, thirty years old at most, to have the necessary resilience. They must be intelligent above the average, and possess a rare poise of hand and brain and eye, enabling them to combine subconsciously their different functions. They must be brave, not with the valor of reckless ignorance, but with cool courage based on self-confidence and unceasing vigilance. Each crowded moment may be their last; in these aerial duels, one surely dies. And when the crisis comes, these gallant youths will each go out to kill another man, young, skillful, splendid, like himself. The waste from every point of view, human, mechanical and scientific, will be inevitable and appalling.

REFERENCE has been made hitherto only to countries within striking distance of each other for purposes of air attack. For the present, and for many years to come, the American continent will be beyond the range of air attack from overseas; but in a few year's time no state in Europe can expect to enjoy such immunity. The chief limiting factor in the range of airplanes is fuel capacity. Various devices have been the subject of experiment whereby refilling in the air may be rendered possible; but, even if successful, these



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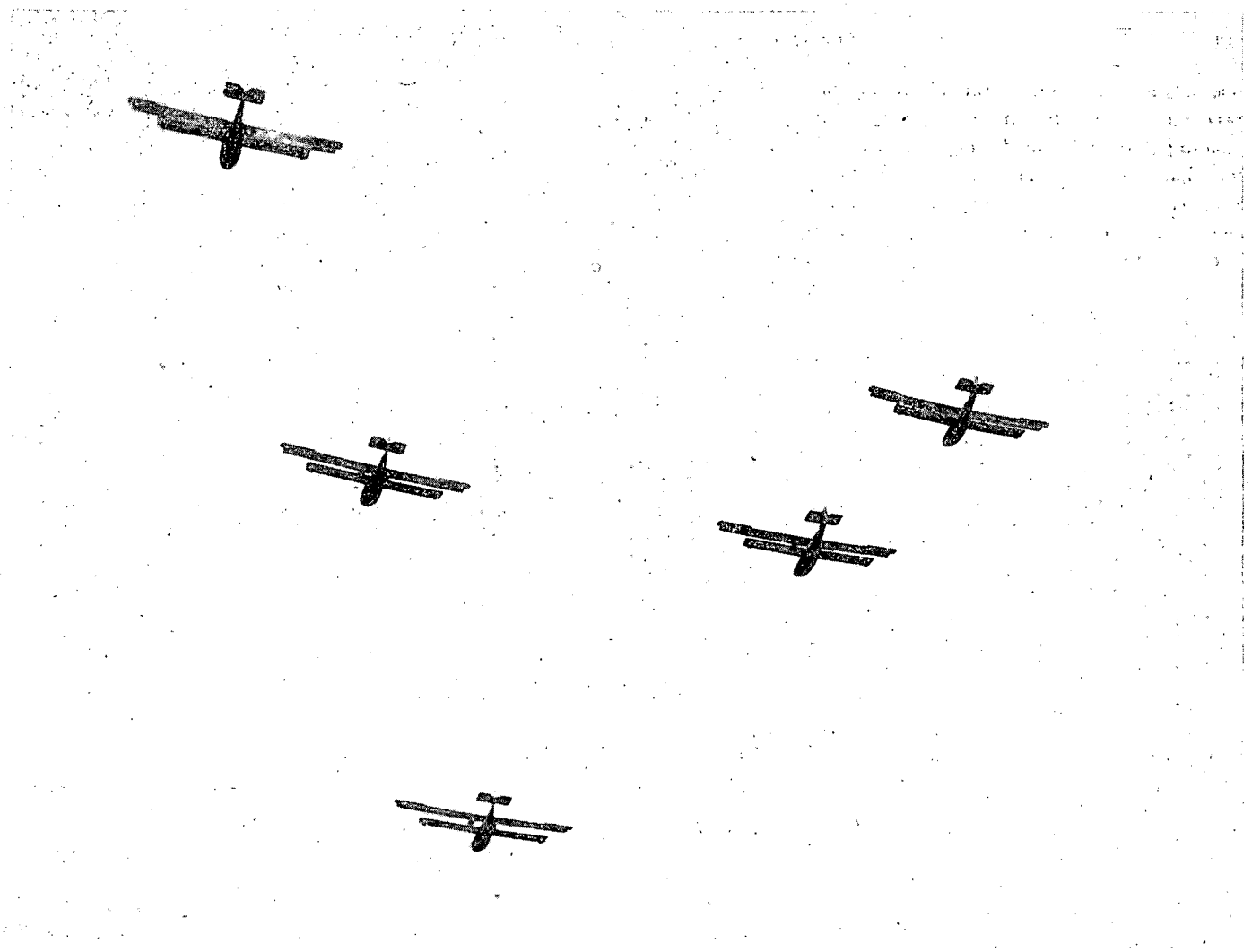

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devices will only half solve the problem, which consists in the fact that airplanes are tied to a base. Although air squadrons can effect immense destruction over a wide area ahead and produce a tremendous moral affect on the enemy, their real rate of advance is measured by that of their base, i.e. a place where they can land, refill with fuel, and, at stated intervals, have their engines overhauled. Where the territories of belligerent states are co-terminous, as in the case of France and Germany, the air forces are entirely dependent upon ground troops for frontier defence. But where there are intervening neutral territories, frontier defence can be reduced to a minimum. Airplanes will fly over neutral states because no method has yet been devised for stopping them, and aerial battles may take place in so-to-speak neutral air.

Airships may play a considerable part in aerial warfare in the future. These vessels can serve both as airplane carriers and troop and fuel transporters. They are obviously very vulnerable, but if expectations in regard to giant air ships prove to be justified, they should extend considerably the scope of air action and modify preconceived ideas on the strategy of future wars.

ONE form of aerial action remains to be discussed—that practised against adversaries who have no aerial equipment. Irak is a good case in point. In this Arabian province the British are the mandatory power and maintain law and order mainly by means of a central air force whose headquarters are at Bagdad. There has been a great deal of criticism of the use made of aircraft in this region, but most of it has been based on misapprehension of the true facts. Many of the tribes in Irak are lawless and predatory; cattle stealing is a national sport, and is frequently accompanied by great loss of life, both in the actual fighting and through deaths from thirst and famine in the desert, whither the women and children flee in terror on the approach of the raiders. Under Turkish rule, some of these tribes which lived in localities difficult of access for columns of infantry and cavalry became general pests, since they could conduct their nefarious operations with impunity. At the end of the war they had become rich by despoiling others, and defiant of all authority; they often held up a fair sized township and forced the inhabitants to leave their homes as refugees. The consequent suffering was great and trade was impossible under such conditions. Every effort was made by peaceful methods to deal with these marauders. As a last resource, air action was tried, and it is no exaggeration to say that a marvellous change was at once effected in what was rapidly becoming a dangerously chaotic situation. The refugees were soon able to return to their homes and live there in security; trade revived and comparative peace prevailed throughout the countryside. In some cases the punishment has appeared unduly harsh, but that has been due largely to the fact that the action taken

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was prompt and concentrated. In all cases casualties have been reduced to a minimum by giving warning of attack and enabling non-combatants to get away. The most inaccessible places were visited daily by low-flying airplanes, which dropped their bombs with greater accuracy and discrimination than field guns project their shells. Some destruction and loss of life were inevitable; but fair-minded observers on the spot were unanimously of opinion that any other measures for restoring and maintaining order would have been far slower and therefore less effective, much more expensive, and in the end less humane.

IF the will to disarm existed, nothing would be easier than to frame a set of rules which would preclude the manufacture of airplanes suitable for military purposes. In fact, nine such rules have already been drawn up and applied to the German aviation industry. These rules exclude, as military aircraft, single seater airplanes, machines capable of flying without a pilot, or fitted with either armor or armament, or with any sort of super-charging device which would facilitate the adaptation of a commercial machine to military uses. They also limit the load and speed of commercial airplanes; the restrictions in regard to the former make it practically impossible for the Germans to construct a machine which is a commercial proposition. It will thus be seen that without reference to numbers or quantity, it is possible so to control the types of airplanes as practically to achieve disarmament. But since the European states and America cannot spend their time inspecting each others' airplane factories, it is obvious, as already stated, that the will to disarm must exist; for while making rules presents no difficulty, it is still easier to evade them in such an industry as aviation. Engines and wings are much the same in all types of aircraft; different parts of a military machine can be made in widely scattered centres and assembled rapidly without attracting special notice. In any case, it will always be difficult, if not impossible, to control types. Indeed, it would seem that a limitation of numbers rather than of types, of quantity rather than of quality, would be the best half way house towards disarmament.

The acid test of sincerity in regard to disarmament will be found in the attitude of governments towards the limitation first and later the abolition of their air forces. These centralized, technical, closely controlled and relatively cheap services are going to dominate the situation should there be another European war. Any industrial country can build up an air force; and a large proportion of the organization can be carried on and perfected under the guise of commercial aviation. If such a state were exasperated into pursuing a policy of revenge, it could make its preparations unobserved, or practically so, until they were sufficiently advanced to strike a deadly blow.

Warfare has entered on a new phase with the development of aviation: the cumbrous paraphernalia inseparable from the supply and maintenance of hundreds of thousands of men and animals will disappear; marching foot soldiers and slow moving guns drawn by horses will soon be as out of date as knights in armor. Whether wars will be shorter in the future is not clear; but what is quite certain is that attacks will be sharp and sudden, and, for the next few years at least, will have the advantage over any methods of defence so far devised.

One hopeful feature in the general situation is that only highly developed countries can create and maintain efficient air forces. Loaned pilots and airplanes do not make an air force; their bolt is soon shot they are useless without skilled mechanics and repair shops. For every man in the air at least five are needed on the ground. The whole secret of efficiency consists in confidence between those who fly and those who send them up. This state of affairs cannot possibly be attained in countries like modern Turkey or Afghanistan.

It remains, therefore, for the highly developed industrial states to make the first move towards the disarmament of their air forces. In some European countries these forces have come to be regarded as indispensable to security; and however open people may be to appeals based on humanity and common sense, they would consider it reckless folly in present conditions to diminish by one iota their security. Disarmament will have to be complete and universal to cast out fear.

In the foregoing paragraphs a picture has been given of the terrible possibilities of aerial warfare. This picture is in no way over-colored; many might consider it too mild a presentation of what will happen if such an unspeakable calamity as another European war should take place. It is the duty of all those who wish to preserve our civilization to face these facts, and determine that the latest triumph of man over the forces of nature shall not be perverted to suicidal purposes.

Courtesy of the Foreign Policy Association

Lord Thomson

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Ten Years of the Rockefeller Plan

Compared with Five Years of Employes' Representation at the Dutchess Bleachery

By MARY VAN KLEECK

IT is ten years this week since John D. Rockefeller, Jr., testifying before the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, announced that a joint conference had just been held in Denver, (January 19, 1915,) between executive officers of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and miners elected by their fellow-workers in each camp to represent them at a joint meeting called by the company "for the purpose of discussing matters of mutual concern and of considering means of more effective cooperation in maintaining fair and friendly relations."

To Mr. Rockefeller, harassed by the prolonged strike of 1913-14, which had ended only a month before, and pursued by vigorous public criticism of failure to remedy serious evils affecting the lives and happiness of employes in properties controlled by him and his family, it must have been a great relief to make this announcement to the commission which had criticized him severely. "The company," said he, "has already taken steps to initiate a plan of representation of its employes. It is my hope and belief that from this will develop some permanent machinery which will insure to the employes of the company, through representatives of their own selection, quick and easy access to the officers with reference to any grievances, real or assumed, or with reference to wages or other conditions of employment."

Out of this beginning grew the Industrial Representation Plan, initiated by Mr. Rockefeller and W. L. Mackenzie King, whom he had called in as consultant. Mr. King had been head of the Dominion Department of Labor, charged with the administration of the Canadian Industrial Disputes Act, and is today Premier of Canada and Laurier's successor as leader of its Liberal Party. The Rockefeller-King plan was the first prominent experiment in employes' representation in the United States. It has been copied in a large number of plants, and in a variety of industries. A year later, writing in the Atlantic Monthly (January, 1916), Mr. Rockefeller described the plan under the title, Labor and Capital—Partners, and called it "a comprehensive Industrial Constitution." What meaning has been given those words in the ten years which followed?

AS words and concepts, they afforded a striking contrast if set against the turbulent strife between labor and capital which characterized the ten years preceding their utterance. To grasp their radical significance, it is necessary to recall the atmosphere of industrial relations in the United States at that time. Colorado was but one area which could aptly be described as a seat of "industrial war," with its miners, mine guards employed by the company, and state troops all arming against each other, as a means of settling grievances arising in the unwarlike task of digging coal. The Survey for that decade before the World War had recorded the stories of strikes of steel workers at McKees Rocks, street car employes in Philadelphia, coal miners in Westmoreland, garment workers in Chicago. These were but illustrations of strife in many industries, characterized by efforts to settle disputes by force, often leading to bloodshed. The dramatic climax had come in the nation-wide struggle in building construction, between the Erectors' Association and the Structural Iron Workers, when the Los Angeles Times Building was dynamited. This led to the appointment of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission to explore and ventilate the causes of the unrest manifested in so many diverse industries throughout the country. The idea of this commission to let in light where there was so much heat was conceived by social workers, and it was they who at the instigation of The Survey organized the campaign to secure its appointment.

To analyze the actual experience of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company with its new plan of relationships with the men in its mines and steel works against the background of strikes which had hitherto occurred on its own properties would be worth while. But far more significant is an effort to appraise its value in the light of new ideas about human relations in industry which have been gradually emerging in the years following Mr. Rockefeller's announcement to the Industrial Relations Commission, and which found their most striking expression in the recommendations of the Industrial Conference called by President Wilson in 1920.

The war was the great "precipitate" in that decade. "Democracy" was its battle-cry, and the cooperation of everybody

"Labor and Capital: Partners"—in Practice

Partnership between labor and capital was the modus vivendi proposed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the coal miners of Colorado after the strike of 1913. The same phrase was used by Harold A. Hatch, five years later, when in 1918 he announced to the textile bleachery employes of Wappingers Falls, New York, a new order in the mill in which they worked. . . . In Colorado, the plan for partnership had been extended to the steel works of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company after it had been in operation a year in its coal mines. Here in two widely separated states, in three different types of industry, in two companies having no relation to one another, efforts have been made to put into practice the idea of partnership between labor and capital. In what schemes of organization has the idea been embodied? Have these schemes given the workers what they want? Are they satisfactory to management?

The director of the Department of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation gives answers to these questions—keen, discriminating answers, the result of searching inquiry with no axe to grind.

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The Russell Sage Studies

The Russell Sage Foundation is bringing out this winter and spring a series of five volumes presenting the results of the most incisive piece of industrial research carried out since the World War. Its distinction lies in the fact that it is concerned not with economic conditions or abuses, but with constructive experience—with the practical outcome of type-schemes of wage earners' participation in management. Two volumes have come from the press: Sharing Management with the Workers, a Study of the Partnership Plan of the Dutchess Bleachery at Wappingers Falls, by Ben M. Selekman (published in December); and Employes' Representation in Coal Mines, a Study of the Industrial Representation Plan of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in its Coal Mines, by Mr. Selekman and Mary Van Kleeck (published in January). Within a month will be issued the report on employes' representation in the steel mills of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Two more studies in preparation are the Works Council of Rock Island Arsenal, by Edwin S. Smith with the collaboration of Miss Van Kleeck; and the Employment Policies of William Filene's Sons' Company in their store in Boston, by Mary LaDame and Mr. Smith.

In response to a request from The Survey, Miss Van Kleeck, director of the inquiry and editor of the series, sets forth the fundamental issues bared by their findings in the first two studies.

—managers, investors and wage-earners—in maximum production, was its breath of life. Naturally the two ideas came together. Governments and employers in all the warring countries in which modern industrial organization prevails began to take an interest in shop committees, in works councils, in industrial democracy in one form or another.

Trade unions, too, while looking askance at the types of organization which they called "company unions," nevertheless began to take a fresh view of local organization within the shop. As a necessary concomitant, the old conflict between industrial unions (as in the mines) and craft unions (as in the building trades) took on a new significance.

Interest began to shift from conditions of employment—wages and hours—to the status of the wage-earner as defined by his share in determining what these conditions should be. And still more fundamental was the emerging question: Will these plans for employes' representation and the pressure of trade unions themselves result in a greater actual sharing by wage-earners in control?

The Employes' Representation Plan of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company has been copied in many other industries including oil production, railroads, meat-packing, and the manufacture of agricultural implements. It was the first of a constellation of such plans, some of which were abandoned immediately after the war. Others were started, so that in 1924 A. Lincoln Filene of Boston in his book called The Merchant's Horizon was able to report, after an investigation made for him, that he had information about more than a thousand companies, which have shop committees or some other form of organized relationships between managers and employes. Meanwhile, there have been injected into the discussion such varied ideas as those of Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Henry S. Dennison. Henry Ford would revolutionize both wage rates and prices by skill in management so as to raise wages, lower prices, and increase profits at one and the same time; but he would not bother with employes' representation, for he holds that technical questions of skilled management which determine the worker's opportunity are decided by facts, not by votes of a committee, and "It is not necessary for people to love each other in order to work together."

Mr. Rockefeller would restore "lost personal relationships," and establish means of conference for the speedy removal of all causes of friction; one gathers that he is not particularly interested in technical problems of production, but rather in human relations. Mr. Dennison would and does apply the scientific method to all questions confronting management, but he would introduce a different plan for choosing managers from the one which now prevails in industry; he would have managers chosen by the only group who know the details of their job and can watch them at it daily—the workers. This in one stroke would seem to combine Ford's emphasis upon efficient management as the matter of first importance to the workers, with Rockefeller's idea of representation of employes in a kind of republic of the workshop, with the restoration of personal relationships through the meeting of representatives.

THIS was the trend in American industry with respect to which the Russell Sage Foundation began to gather data in 1919 in a series of studies of wage-earners' participation in management. Mines, mills, bleacheries, arsenals and mercantile establishments represented for us so many test-holes which we believed would yield fair samples of what

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

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William Lyon Mackenzie King

is below the surface in the present range of industrial relations in the United States.

We have chosen to spend a long time in a few centers, a few industries, a few plants, rather than gain a brief view of many, because we believe that the real facts lie deep below the surface. The question to which we have sought answers may be summed up in the main one, How do these plans work and what significance have their results for future industrial relations?—and this main question can only be answered for a given plant by spending months in it and finding out what has happened as the workers see it and as the managers see it. It takes time, too, to discover what significance—if any—the experience of one company has for another, or for industry generally. Our conviction is that a study which goes deep enough always has a fundamental meaning for all industry. Though a coal mine may not look like a bleachery, nor a blast furnace like the notion counter of a retail store, human beings are employed in each; wages, dividends, and output of consumable goods flow from each; the essentials of success in human relations and the incentives which lead to action are all alike. In so far as they do vary, the variations themselves have illumination for those who seek to understand the labor problem. In the last analysis, all these different occupations are joined together in the frame-work of economic life; and currents of thought in one branch have their influence upon all the others.

In truth, by a process of economic triangulation, we can employ separate studies as bench marks in surveying the lay of those fundamental relations which are taking the place of the more theoretical contours marking the inception of the plans. The Industrial Relations Plan of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and the Partnership plan of the Dutchess Bleachery, subjects respectively of our two first volumes, are especially rich in comparative experience. The Dutchess plan did not grow out of a strike but rather out of the need for increased production during the war, and the fresh visions of democracy which were compelling revaluation of the status of wage-earners in industry.

THE scope of the two plans and the contrasts between them can be most clearly shown in the form of an outline, in parallel columns. The mines of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company employ five thousand wage-earners, but the unit for handling employment relations is the single mine or camp, and in each of these the number employed varies from one to four hundred, as compared with six hundred in the Bleachery. Comparison, therefore, is not made unreasonable by the difference in size.

I. Fundamental Purpose

COLORADO FUEL AND IRON COMPANY	DUTCHESS BLEACHERY
1a. To restore personal relationships in industry, by giving the employes the right to elect representatives, and to prevent wrong treatment of employes by their immediate superiors by giving them the right of appeal to the higher officials; to provide for joint commitees and joint conferences where all questions of mutual concern may be discussed.*	1a. To establish a cooperative spirit of partnership between employes and management by: (a) Giving the workers representation in the executive and administrative boards in which the authority of management is vested, thereby giving the employes a vote in all matters of mill management and establishing contacts between managers, directors, and employes; (b) Giving the workers a sense of security in employment through establishing a fund for payment in time of unemployment and sickness; through group life insurance jointly inaugurated by the Board of Directors; (a plan for old age pensions is under consideration by the Board of Management); (a pension plan is in effect in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company); (c) Giving the workers a stake in the financial success of the industry over and above their daily wage through an equal division of profits.

* The outline relates primarily to the mines, but the same scheme of organization exists in the Minnequa Steel Works.

The directors of the Dutchess Bleachery and Mr. Rockefeller analyzed the need for partnership in similar terms, but the actual plan of organization has differed in the two companies. Like Mr. Rockefeller, Harold A. Hatch, the treasurer of the company controlling the Bleachery, had found modern industry lacking in the necessary personal relationships between owners of capital and wage-earners. He was also in agreement with Mr. Rockefeller as to the dangers of subdivision of labor. As a specialist, limited to one small task, the worker has no conception of his job as a vital part of the success of a big business. He feels the drive from his immediate foreman for speedy production, but in many plants he has no measure of his own share in the quantity or quality of the final product. Both Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Hatch were vitally concerned also over a third characteristic of modern industry: The workman has no vested interest in industry, and no guarantee of security in employment. He

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is liable to discharge without warning, merely because work is slack, and he is usually suspicious that his pay envelope does not reflect his fair share in the success of the business. He does not know the facts about the business. He has no real stake in its success.

Out of this analysis came three elements of partnership as they were defined to the employes of the Dutchess Bleachery in the mass meeting when the new plan was announced. The three elements were (1) A just and proportionate share in the profits; (2) An appropriate share in the responsibility of management; (3) A knowledge of the year's results. The Colorago plan said nothing about profit sharing and did not provide for actual participation in management. It insured joint conference with opportunity for hearing and adjustment of grievances. The differences in plan of organization are brought out in the following comparison:—

II. Plan of Organization

COLORADO FUEL AND IRON COMPANY	DUTCHESS BLEACHERY
2a. In each mine and in each division of the steel works employes elect annually two or more representatives, in proportion to the number employed, choosing them from their own numbers.	2a. Employes elect annually representatives who form a Board of Operatives, meeting monthly; with the executive function of managing housing and recreation in the community; with the advisory function of considering grievances and all questions of employment in the shops; and the elective function of choosing representatives of the workers on the Board of Management and the Board of Directors.
2b. The repesentatives are to bring up for discussion at district conferences, or annual joint meetings, or personally with any officer of the company any subject affecting working or living conditions. They may express their views but no assurance is given them of a vote in the final decision, nor is there any invariable procedure for consulting the workers before any matter affecting working and living conditions is decided by the higher officials. The representative may also serve, if elected, on joint district committees.	2b. The Board of Operatives elects from its number representatives of the employes on the Board of Management, which is composed half of employes and half of ex officio representatives of mill management, the financial and selling organization, and the stockholders. It is charged with executive power to decide all questions of mill management, including the choice of a superintendent or other executive officers, the determination of hours, and the setting of wages.
2c. The meetings for conference provided for in the plan include: The annual meetings at each camp, attended by employes for election of officers for discussion, or for election of representatives; district conferences representing the mines of any one of the five districts, held at least every four months, for discussion and for appointments of joint district committees; annual joint meeting held in December to hear reports of committees and to discuss any matter brought up by officials of the company or representatives.	2c. Employes have representation also on the Board of Directors elected by the stockholders with one member representing the employes, who is nominated by the Board of Operatives. In addition, one member is chosen to represent the town, nominated by the Chamber of Commerce. The Board of Directors has the usual responsibility for the financial management of the business.

The plan of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company was adopted at the beginning substantially in its present form. At the Bleachery the growth from advisory powers for employes to full participation in management was gradual. First, the Board of Operatives, composed wholly of elected representatives of employes with an executive secretary giving full time to its work, was given the entire responsibility of managing the company-owned houses in which most of the employes lived. This they did on a budget from rents, increased by appropriations from the earnings of the business before profits were divided. Thus, all employes were aware that they and the stockholders jointly paid for the upkeep of the houses and the salary of the executive secretary. Suspicions against a grasping, absentee landlord disappeared with definite responsibility for management at this point. By close attention to detail, dilapidated, unsanitary houses were converted into comparatively comfortable homes with a fairly modest expenditure.

The same Board was empowered to handle grievances and to have an advisory relationship to shop management. It was not long before its members were ready for more. They asked for a definite share of management. As a result, step by step, they were given the powers of representation in a newly organized Board of Management and in the reorganized Board of Directors.

III. Defined Responsibilities of Worker's Representatives

COLORADO FUEL AND IRON COMPANY	DUTCHESS BLEACHERY
3a. These include: (a) Attendance at district conferences, annual joint meetings, or special meetings, all of which are called by the president of the company and presided over by him or by an executive officer designated by him; the powers of the conferences are advisory only. (b) Committee service, if appointed, on the district committees, composed jointly of representatives of management and of employes, having advisory functions in relation to conciliation; sanitation, health and housing; recreation and education; and safety. (c) Serving as a go-between to bring to the attention first of the mine foreman, then of the superintendent, and then, if necessary, of higher officials, any grievance which a fellow employe asks the representative to handle. This, again, is merely an advisory function, as in the final adjustment of grievances it frequently happens that decision is reached without consultation with the representaives.	3a. These have been indicated in describing the functions of the boards on which the employes are represented. Members of the Board of Operatives have both executive and advisory functions. Employe members of the Board of Management share with representatives of the managerial officers the executive responsibility for all matters of mill management. The one representative of the employes on the Board of Directors has one man's vote on all matters for which the Board of Directors is responsible. It should be noted, however, that four out of five of the members of the Board of Directors are also members of the Board of Management, which makes the Board of Management, with its equal representation of wage earners and executive officials, the central influence in determining policies.

HOUSING is a good illustration of the difference between the powers given to employes in the Bleachery plan and the Colorado plan. In the Bleachery, as we have said, the Board of Operatives has full responsibility for managing the houses. In Colorado, employes are represented on the joint committee which has to do with housing in each district but the management is in the hands of a supervisor of housing to which the district committees have simply an advisory relationship. They go with him once or twice a year on tours of inspection of camps in their districts. They are consulted by him and by other company officials when they are deciding upon types of houses to be built. But they are not charged with responsibility for management in any such degree as are the operatives at the Bleachery. The housing in the company-owned camps in Colorado is remarkably good. Probably no coal company excels it in this respect. Some of the camps are beautiful. But they cannot be cited as an example of wage-earners' participation in management. This difference can be illustrated in other (*Continued on page* 549)

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The Americanization of 1-A-10

By ADELAIDE NICHOLS

A TITLE as impersonal and unimaginative as Convict 199 is 1-A-10. It is the name of a variegated and colorful community which is fast becoming 100 per cent American. With the help of its cryptic title, you may track it down in the maze of a city high school of seven thousand pupils: 1—a freshman class; A—group registered extremely low on the intelligence test; 10—those who appear in my room the tenth period every day for the study of that intricate foreign language, English.

The 1 and the A and the 10 represent the major points which this varied group possess in common. As to race, the thirty-seven of them are scattered among fifteen nationalities: as to years, they range from thirteen to sixteen, an age limit bounded on one side by an inglorious departure from some grammar school and on the other by the liberation of working papers. As to attainments, they range from Patrick Benito, whose dark eyes regard the world with sympathetic understanding, but who starts like a fawn at sound of a gun when he catches sight of books or paper, to Nathan Liebowitz, who flaunts a phenomenal vocabulary and immense self-esteem above complete mental vacuity. Alma Swenson contributes enormous energy and persistence, tragically barren of results. Creston DePerin, his face ever alight with inspiration, waves his hand eagerly in the air at every question and invariably forgets the question before he has bounded to his feet. Minna Schwartz is calmly silent, but her eyes grow wistful as the questions pass her by. Mollie Bernstein is always prevented from emitting her complete quota of knowledge by a fit of giggles, so contagious that it sweeps the entire class. Rose Caccavajo distracts herself and everyone else by injecting lengthy and ungrammatical autobiography into every discussion.

These and thirty other manifestations of personality, all amazingly diverse, are registered in the psychological department of the school by numbers that are surprisingly alike and surprisingly low, numbers known by the mystic name of I. Q., intelligence quotient, and representing the unanimous conclusion of the educators that 1-A-10 has an extremely low rate of intelligence. On the basis of this unprepossessing I. Q., the class has been declared unfit for the ordinary high school courses in Latin, French, or mathematics, yet until the age of sixteen releases them from going through the motions of education, they must be found within school walls. And in the tenth of the eleven long periods of a double session high school, you will find them in my room learning English, a language which even their I. Q.'s render them fit to cope with.

Yesterday we spent part of the period discussing "old countries" together, in preparation for the writing of themes. "Old countries" is a subject on which 1-A-10 can give me information full of pathos and humor and racy authenticity. For Samuel Leibowitz had an uncle who was chased by wolves one time in the "old country" and the horrors of his experience can be rehearsed in detail by Samuel.

And Lillie Schumann held the sympathetic 1-A-10 spellbound while she told how "My mother's sister was lost from her nineteen years, because my mother come to America and she didn't see no one she knew and never got no letter from the old country nor her sister neither, nor nothing. And she thought she was dead but one day she gets news from Ellis Island that she is alive and she come from the old country at last and she goes and finds her, though she don't look the same like she did but she is awful glad to see her and they kiss and she brings her to our house." The intelligence of 1-A-10 was not baffled by the confusion of personal pronouns. It knew exactly who was lost and who was found and saw in imagination the surprising reunion at Ellis Island after nineteen years.

IN the back seat, Maurice Sokol sat silent. His broad face was alight with sympathy and interest. His eyes rested with fatherly encouragement on each speaker. His great man's frame was cramped into a seat meant for a little boy. One leg stuck out into the aisle. It would not bend at the knee and it caused Maurice trouble when he tried to rise and made him walk with a lunging motion. In spite of it Maurice always managed to rise punctiliously when called on, but he rarely found an answer, though the patient moments went by in the hopeful silence of the class, craning round to help him.

For they took especial interest in Maurice: They knew that he himself had come from the "old country" only seven weeks ago. He knew it as their parents knew it, yet he found it almost impossible to speak in English of what he knew. He seemed to them as old as their parents, too, for he was six feet tall and his lameness made him slow in motion among the quick, tumbling puppy motions of the little boys about him. Moreover, he was fully eighteen and 1-A-10 knew that he could have had his working papers long ago had he desired them. But Maurice Sokol did not want his working papers. He had come across the seas for an education. He followed a dream beyond the vision of 1-A-10, yet by reason of his difficulty with the English language, he sat among them, an object of their sympathy and puzzled veneration.

What his dream was, I understood scarcely more than 1-A-10, so inarticulate was Maurice. But I had drawn bits of it from him by questions to which he could nod answers, and had read through his themes what he could not say. He had studied English before coming to America and he understood those who spoke to him slowly. He wrote English, too, quaintly and laboriously. On my desk was a theme which he said had taken him three hours to execute. I did not doubt it. He could not have uttered one half as much with his clumsy tongue in that space of time.

An Experience of Travel

Seven weeks ago I was coming to this country. We were on a big ship. We had been told that the Statue of Liberty was so tall that the light from its hand could be seen half across the Atlantic Ocean. When we looked every day for it and could not see it, we were disappointed. On the day

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when we were going to get in to New York, they told us to come on deck and we would see the Statue of Liberty. It was not so big as we had been told but it looked very nice. As we came nearer, it kept getting larger and larger but it never became so large as we thought at first.

THIS was theme Maurice had written me four weeks before, when he first came into my class. Greater writers have labored for three hours in vain to show as Maurice had shown the dream of America that one immigrant boy actually carried in his heart, the absurd exaggeration and groping ignorance, the flame of idealism and hope fighting disillusionment to the end. Maurice had dealt with it simply as an 'experience of travel' but it was a key to his own spirit, yearning toward a college education from the far shores of 1-A-10, as it had yearned toward America from a little village in Russia.

Already his face was a little worn with the journey, but his eyes grew bright with amusement as he heard Patrick and Alma and Nathan recounting the experiences of a generation behind them, whose adventures to the rest of 1-A-10 were legends of long ago, but to Maurice the very stuff of recent experience.

Yet although it was so close to him, he volunteered no information to our discussion of 'old countries.' His tongue could not easily be roused to the effort of packing the crowding images behind those bright eyes into the tortuous sentences of the English language. Even when I turned to him with a direct question, "Is it still as Nathan tells us in Russia today?" he only nodded, mutely smiling.

"Won't you tell us more about it?" I persisted.

A spasm of effort crossed his broad face and wrenched his great frame out of the seat. Moments passed over his physical and mental contortions. And then he sank back with a shrug that was gallantly humorous even while it expressed despair.

"It is too hard for me to say."

"Perhaps you can write it." I said hopefully, rising to pass paper to the class. Groans arose at this ominous gesture, for most of 1-A-10 were better talkers than writers. Spelling and punctuation were bars to self-revelation. But Maurice nodded hopefully as I gave him the paper and, with the rest, he bent his head low over the desk. There was unwonted silence until the bell rang and they volleyed out into the mælstrom of changing classes and fought their way in a din of joyful excitement to the next cell in their educational prison. As they rushed past my desk, they snowed it with papers which they cheerfully warned me were 'something awful.'

In spite of these warnings, the themes of 1-A-10 received first reading in the bundle I carried home last night. Neither 1-A-10 nor my classes of higher I. Q.'s can imagine my eagerness to read every theme that may disclose new advances on the rough road that they and I are treading together. Indeed it is popularly supposed that no teacher reads all of a class's themes. How can she when she has almost two hundred every week? And did not that wag, Mary MacMurty, once draw a "satisfactory" on the outside of a theme labeled proudly The Duty of an American Citizen and bearing within the neatly folded and endorsed paper, a recipe for chocolate cake? No one in 1-A-10 had the I. Q. required for a feat like Mary's but they hoped vaguely that some of their ineptitudes were passed over in the magnitude of my task. But last night as on other nights, I read every one, strong with the hope that was now and then rewarded. Of course, I found them, after all, only cramped paragraphs of ill-assorted words or rambling tangles of sentences, grotesque in grammar and spelling. The racy spirit of our discussion on 'old countries' had died out in the battle with the art of the scribe.

But I turned to Maurice Sokol's theme with undaunted anticipation. I picked it up with the hope of finding some new light on the dream that had lead him toward the fabulous statue visible half way across the Atlantic. I found his name neatly inscribed on the outside and beneath it "Class 1-A-10. Miss Nichols, teacher." I feared such care must have consumed much of his half hour of composition. But I was unprepared for what I found when I opened the theme. The paper was as unblemished and white as when I had handed it to him.

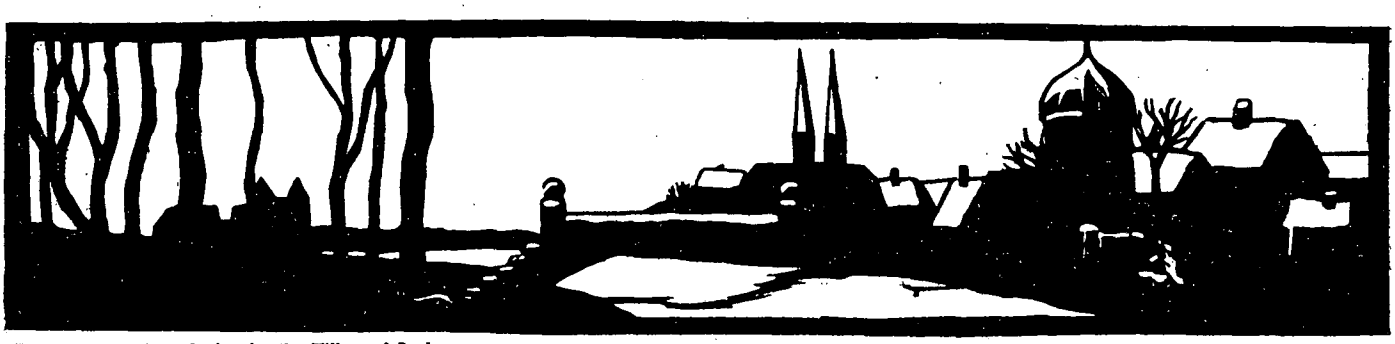
I REMEMBERED his head, bowed devotedly over the paper till the bell rang. Surely he had had time to write something, some broken sentence of all I had seen passing in his mind as the others told their stories. Four weeks ago he had written the Experience of Travel. By this time he should have gained a greater facility in Engish to carry him a step nearer to the goal he claimed to be seeking. I resolved to speak sharply to Maurice the next day about lack of courage and effort—to put before him in fresh colors the dream of America enlightening the world.

So in the tenth period, today, when he lumbered past my desk on his long, uneven legs, and turned to give me over his shoulder a corner of his shy smile, I stopped him quite sternly.

"Maurice," I said, "why didn't you write any theme yesterday? Aren't you learning anything at all from being in America all these weeks?"

He looked startled at first as though detected in crime and then his smile returned with a gleam of frank and friendly impudence I had never seen in it before.

"Aw," he said with a perfect 'American' intonation, "Aw, I tot I cud get away wid it!"



From a community calendar for the Village of Luckau

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Is This a Cure for Tuberculosis?

By HAVEN EMERSON, M. D.

WITH history all against us and a continuous record of years of disappointment to give us caution can we, dare we, shall we now believe the unbelievable and accept the promise of a new specific, "a cure for tuberculosis?"

The history of medicine has but few specific treatments to relate—the cinchona bark for malaria, a gift of the gods revealed by accident to an unthinking savage; diphtheria antitoxin, a triumph of testing and analytical thought; a few others approaching but not attaining to the perfect performance of these two, salvarsan for syphilis, chaulmoogra oil for leprosy, atoxyl for sleeping sickness. Specifics we now have for attack upon the plasmodium of malaria, the spirochete of syphilis, the trypanosome of sleeping sickness, antidotes for the bacterial toxin of the diphtheria and other bacilli, but until this year we have had no chemical destroyer of bacilli themselves, no true bactericide safe for use in the human body.

The story of sanocrysine, a salt of gold, which is said to cure tuberculosis, comes with all the simplicity of truth from our recent guest, that leader among the scientists of the world, Dr. Thorwald Madsen of Copenhagen, whose reasonable pride in the triumph of his colleagues in the Serum Institute of his city illumines his face as he relates it.

Ten healthy calves received each the same amount of a fresh culture of the tubercle bacillus in their tissues. After the disease had declared itself in its characteristic manner in all ten animals, five received into their blood vessels a solution of the new chemical substance, an elaborate compound containing gold and sulphur. The other five calves were allowed to continue with the disease unmodified, and in due time they died showing the classical destruction of tissues due to the tubercle bacillus, and these organisms were found in abundance in most of the tissues of their bodies. The five calves which had received the chemical treatment were then killed and no tubercle bacilli could be found on examination of the tissues, nor was there any evidence of damage from the previous presence of these organisms.

The simple, successful and fairly conclusive series of observations was repeated with other laboratory animals which are known to be susceptible to tuberculosis and uniformly die of an infection if the dose of the organisms is massive.

This chemical, and the method of its use, so far developed by Dr. Holger Moellgaard of the physiological laboratory of the institute, was then put into the hands of a few conservative, critical clinicians who had in their care patients with advanced, apparently fatal, tuberculous infections. In some of these desperately sick consumptives the effect of the chemical was to bring about very serious reactions similar to those caused by a rapid extension of tuberculosis. This toxic or poisonous result was soon found to be due not to any injury by the drug on the human body, but to be caused by its so rapid and widespread destruction of the living tubercle bacilli in the tissues that a heavy dose of the tubercle toxin was released from the substance of these multitudinous organisms, in amounts even to threaten the life of the patient.

Really this alarming outcome of the clinical test of some of the seriously ill consumptives gave grounds for expecting most hopeful results in patients with earlier and less extensive infections, whose bodies, not yet wasted by the disease, do not harbor such broad areas of tuberculous invasion and ulceration.

The danger of use in advanced disease thus strikingly disclosed demanded a further resource which was promptly brought into play. The serum of animals which had developed some degree of resistance to the tubercle bacillus by their reaction to injections of doses of dead tubercle organisms was found to be of much benefit in warding off the unfavorable symptoms of poisoning which followed the destructive action of the chemical treatment upon the living tubercle bacilli in the patient's body.

It has been found further that where the infection is recent, where the tubercle bacillus has not yet caused extensive ulceration or buried itself deep in encapsulating or fibrous tissues, the effect of the chemical is most favorable. In other words the body may safely be cleared by this chemical cleanser of bacteria when they have just begun their attack. Still other studies show that once the human body has so successfully resisted the infection as to develop scar tissue surrounding and closing in upon the colonies of bacilli, it is only with difficulty, if at all, that the chemical can reach them and destroy them.

There is yet no trade name, no marketing, no exploiting of this substance. Samples are now reaching the hands of trusted laboratory directors in other countries and we may expect reports of confirmation or disagreement within the next year from collaborators who must repeat step by step the original tests. Such controls are essential for accuracy and to check those errors which even the most critical scientists are exposed to in breaking out new paths into the borderland of the unknown. There is no criticism so relentless as that born of competition in facts, and it is only by reexamination of each reported laboratory experiment, and review of records of patients claimed as recovered from the disease, that the whole truth will be known.

Certain it is now that a new promising treatment for bacterial infection has been evolved on principles which appear sound theoretically and successful in practise. Whether or not this will prove to be another and perhaps the final needed resource to close our books with tuberculosis, it is certain that even a

T. B.

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partial, incomplete, perhaps fractional success, limited to but a few types, stages or ages of tuberculous patients, will give a renewed impulse and zest to the search for other chemical compounds especially adapted to attack other bacteria which cripple and kill.

If so very invulnerable a body as the wax-cased resistant little tubercle bacillus can be fatally penetrated by a searching solution, without injury to the delicate cells of our own body in the process, may we not hold an honest hope that blood poisoning, infectious heart disease, perhaps even pneumonia may be attacked with at least as much success and within our time? Here is a chance for chemistry to establish itself as the great savior—as it has so recently been hailed as the arch destroyer—of mankind.

Our Town and The Leslies

By MARY E. WARREN

ABOUT five years ago, Dr. Douglas of our town said that Mr. Leslie, among several others, had incipient tuberculosis, and ought to go to the sanatorium. Mr. Leslie was a man of about forty, a woodworker, father of a family of four children. They were home stock, self-supporting, church members, good neighbors, well liked.

It would take about a hundred dollars for Mr. Leslie to go to the sanatorium and stay three months. Of course, no man in his position in life (that is, an average position) would be at all likely to have the hundred dollars on hand. So I proposed to Dr. Douglas to write to five or six of the summer cottagers in town, asking them to raise the hundred dollars. They all contributed, the hundred dollars was soon in hand, and one of the cottagers drove over to the remote outpost of a scanty village where the Leslies' cellarless house stood, among two or three haystacks. This cottager took a liking to Mrs. Leslie's refined and gentle manners, and to her attractive baby. He said he would remember them; and if Mr. Leslie made a good recovery, he himself would give him outdoor employment.

None of us remembered that the Leslies would need something to live on during the three months the breadwinner was going to be away. None of us, I mean, except the Leslies themselves. They were not, however, the people to remind us. They felt that in furnishing the hundred dollars we were doing a great deal; and the last thing Mr. Leslie would have thought of was to place on any other shoulders than his own and his wife's the burden of financial anxiety his illness had become. He therefore kept it to himself and to her; and the natural consequence was that after a week of bearing this with the additional burdens of idleness, homesickness, and the sight of other invalids about him, he precipitately came home from the sanatorium.

Dr. Douglas wrote, and I wrote, to the officials at the sanatorium, begging them to let him have another try. The officials said he could try again, and Mrs. Leslie persuaded him to go back. This time he stayed. He gained pounds upon pounds of flesh. I was proud of the pounds he had gained, and grateful beyond any of the words in which I said so, to the cottagers who had subscribed the hundred dollars.

And Mr. Leslie came home in the spring and went to work in the sawmill where he had worked before. It was a clean job, not quite as good as an outdoor job, but pretty good. I felt anxious, though, about conserving his health, and so I consulted Dr. Douglas. Dr. Douglas said that he ought to work only on the days when he felt perfectly equal to it. On days when he felt any inclination to rest, he ought to rest. He should never push himself, should always work moderately.

But sure that working moderately, and never pushing himself, and laying off for a day whenever he felt inclined, weren't going to make him popular with employers in general; and sure besides that three dollars a day, or even three-fifty (when he was raised), couldn't give a family of seven souls any margin to rest on. I went to see Mr. Leslie's employer at the sawmill. And he was very human. He said Mr. Leslie was about his best man. He said that the idea of paying for the days when Mr. Leslie rested was a perfectly good idea but, of course, the self-reliance of the family mustn't be endangered. If I would take his advice, I wouldn't make any direct fixed arrangement with the Leslies. But he would instruct his secretary to notify me at the end of each month how many days off Mr. Leslie had taken, and I could then send Mr. Leslie the regular pay for those days if I chose—simply as a little present.

I was financially able to float this modest scheme throughout that winter, without in any way impairing the scale of comfort and pleasantness to which I was accustomed. The Leslie's eldest son Arthur was now about sixteen years of age, and he found work in the sawmill too, and the family weathered the winter fairly well.

But in the spring I lost some of the pieces out of my piece-quilt of an income, and since I couldn't contemplate cutting down the scale of my own expenditures, I had to cease to finance Mr. Leslie's days of rest. I thought perhaps one of the summer cottagers who had helped to raise the hundred dollars would take over this follow-up responsibility; so I wrote and laid it before him. The amount needed was averaging eleven dollars a month, I think. This cottager wrote me a very kind letter, pointing out that it might be dangerous to the self-reliance of the family to continue such an arrangement indefinitely. He felt that it was a somewhat coddling, rather unwholesome arrangement, and consequently thought best not to assist me in it; he was sorry to disappoint me.

It seemed to me that I knew several rich people, some of whom were deeply attached to the neighborhood of our town. But the two or three whom I thought most promising to approach found that they were not financially able to assume such a liability at that time. And in good faith, and without any sense of being self-indulgent at the expense of a fellow mortal's fight for life, I spent one eleven dollars after another on modest pleasant customs of my own, which my relatives expected me to keep up, such as traveling several hundred miles to see members of my family who were in no pressing need of a visit from me, all being well and happy. Mrs. Leslie wrote cheerful letters; her husband

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was pretty well; so glad to be able to work! Arthur, too, was bringing home substantial pay; and they couldn't thank us all enough for the hundred dollars.

That fall, however, they needed a cow. They knew of a good one they could get for eighty dollars; and they said, with frank friendliness which warmed the cockles of my heart a good deal, that they hoped I would lend it to them; they could pay it by degrees. I borrowed the eighty dollars from the bank, believing that I was going to ask a rich golfer, who had lived across the street from us for a quarter of a century, to help me pay it. But I found myself procrastinating the request.

That winter Mr. Leslie had the flu. I was struck to the heart when I heard that; and yet I didn't say to myself, as I would have said if it had been my brother, "I will take a chance and let the repairing of my teeth wait awhile, to start up that eleven dollars a month again." I did write to Mrs. Leslie's pastor, and the cottager who had once driven over to see the Leslies. He said he had already helped them that winter, and would do so again. I am not sure how much assistance he gave them altogether, or whether any of it was in the convenient form of cash; he didn't tell me. But I was afraid it was rather less than the old eleven dollars monthly.

When I asked Dr. Douglas how the flu had left Mr. Leslie, his answer was reassuring. "The old trouble" had not been "kindled up." My spirits rose, and I had my dental work done at once, and in full.

I was a little dashed when in the latter end of that summer Mrs. Leslie told me that her husband was feeling the heat a good deal. Her shockingly gentle voice, her terrible uncomplainingness, I had already begun to discount. That sweet, hollow optimism I no longer took at even half face value. "He'll be better in the fall," she wrote; "in the cool weather he always is." The worst thing she said was,

"Kind of hard for him to work, these hot days."

I thought I should sell some of the manuscripts I had lately finished. I did sell one of them; but I found that I needed all or practically all, the money for "necessary" expenses. I don't remember what they were, these projects so much more necessary than Mr. Leslie's days of rest, when he found it "kind of hard" to work.

But I ran over my accounts, and salvaged about eight dollars which I sent Mrs. Leslie. Would she let me know what the winter coat, rubbers and underclothes they needed would probably cost? She made a polite excuse not to mention any sum, but I found out by detailed questions that her own winter underclothes were past patching. I figured out an estimate, I remember, of forty dollars for winter clothes for the whole family. (I forgot to ask about thick bedding, or hot bags; though always remembering to urge upon her affectionately that the windows should be kept wide open every night, including the dead of winter.) As for the forty dollars, I asked a few people of known generosity to help with that; and I also asked the local Red Cross to keep the matter in mind, and to help if they could do so without interfering with the Leslie's pride and independence. They cordially said they could and would. Of the forty dollars, I succeeded in raising fifteen. I think the Red Cross lent the Leslies, for as long they should need it, about fifteen more; and I think in addition to this, there were some half-used furnishings sent to them; the whole approximated what we had first listed as their needs, though never, I believe, quite covering them all.

That winter Mr. Leslie had the flu again, and wasn't able to resume regular work that season. In the summer there began to be talk once more among us of his going again to the sanitorium. It took some time for him to make up his mind to it. Eventually he did go; but, depressed and homesick, the desperate ordeal of idleness once more overcame him, and after about six weeks, he gave way, and came home.

He had been struggling, since he couldn't work for wages, to dig a cellar under his house. Now, when he came back from the sanitorium, he struggled to get in his hay, his potatoes. Coal was expensive, and he tried to haul enough wood for the winter. "My husband feels bad, because he can't load much wood at a time. Seems it tires him more that it used to. Still, I think he'll be better soon! He coughs some. But these past few days he eats more. He sure be better!"

In February Mrs. Leslie wrote,

"My husband gets kind of blue these days. He can't chop so well, quite. Still, he sleeps good, nights!"

I know there was help for the Leslies all winter, carefully administered (so as not to impair their self-reliance) from the slim funds the local relief societies had at their disposal.

LAST spring Mr. Leslie went to the sanatorium for the third time. He thought, I suppose, that he knew what was before him and that he had nerved his sick strength to endure that strange and terrible idleness. But evidently by this time he was running a temperature. At all events, he was kept in bed for four weeks steadily. "He felt," his wife said, "that he was losing all his strength, laying there." At last he resolved to go home. On the day when he was to start, he got up to breakfast, greatly excited, too excited to eat anything. After a month in bed, and with (supposably) a degree or two of fever, he set off on his journey fasting. None of his family, of course, could afford to go to the sanatorium to accompany him home.

The railway clerk inadvertently sold him a ticket to a town of the same name as ours, in another state.

"My husband had been carried past the junction before he realized it. The conductor let him off the train, and he walked back the four miles to the junction. He had enough money left to buy him another ticket, made out right, this one wasn't; but after he'd bought it, he didn't have more than a dime or two left. He bought an apple to eat while he was waiting for the train, two or three hours. When he got home at supper time, he was pretty well beaten out, my dear friend, I can tell you!"

SHORTLY after this, I had a kind, sensible letter from one of the home (not summer) people, who, of course, have been the more constant friends to the Leslies. My correspondent pointed out that the family have many friends, and that the local Red Cross, their church, and other agencies, are looking after them, as well. In the kindest spirit she indicated that it is a mistake for an individual to send them any little sums of money from time to time, since it impairs the self-reliance of the family, and complicates the difficulties of these agencies of community help.

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And she encouraged me by saying that they had lately inherited a little money (I heard it, in the village, estimated generally at about two hundred dollars), and that the second son was now a sturdy boy of fourteen, who, not being at all fond of school, preferred to work and help with the family finances.

During the summer Mrs. Leslie spent an hour with me. I asked how was Graham getting along, the second boy. "Graham is better now," she said, in her terribly cheerful voice; "he don't cough near so much."

"Cough!"

"Why, you know it was the flu. It left him with kind of a cough. He's most over it now. I did feel worried about him, one while."

I asked if he worked out of doors.

"No—but it's in a nice cool room."

"If you don't mind my asking, Mrs. Leslie, have you got the money yet that was willed to you?"

"Yes, we've got that money: and my! we were glad to get it. It was almost thirty dollars—enough to pay our taxes, and a little left over to pay the next instalment on my daughter's teeth. She don't have those headaches near so much since she got her new teeth. Seems she can bite now."

This set me thinking about the children. I went to see Dr. Douglas. "Why, of course, they're all needing to be watched—all the children. Graham oughtn't to be working indoors all summer! What are the parents thinking of."

I went to see the Board of Health. Wouldn't it be a good thing to get the children looked over before school began? Excellent! If either of the two younger ones proved to be run down, they could go to the preventorium.

And wouldn't it be a good thing if a nurse or somebody could call on the family and remind Mr. Leslie to keep up the careful habits he'd learned in the sanatorium? The Board approved. Our town, however, had no district nurse. But I was thinking of a young nurse with social experience, who was personally acquainted with the Leslies. I reached her on the telephone.

"You know," she said pleasantly, "people felt a little disappointed that Mr. Leslie wouldn't stay in the sanatorium last spring. They felt a little discouraged about trying to help them, when that happened."

Feeling warm, I answered,

"I suppose that was natural, never having been tuberculous themselves, or been worried about how their families were going to be supported, and sick and idle and homesick and solitary all at the same time. I suppose it *would* look unreasonable. But what about safeguarding the children?"

"Well, you see I'm busy just at present, and I'm rather tired, I'm afraid—but I'll send you some literature to take them."

Mr. Leslie is worse this autumn. Dr. Douglas says he may even yet get well; but he needs to relax, take it easy, make himself comfortable. Of course, there's the self-reliance of the family to be kept in view. Dr. Douglas doesn't seem to keep it in view as steadily as he ought to.

"My husband brought in a couple of armfuls of wood last night," wrote Mrs. Leslie, "and it seemed to take all his breath for quite a while. He pretty near cried to think he couldn't handle the wood for the range."

Late in a wakeful night, thinking of this letter, I had a buoyant thought. Since the best thing Mr. Leslie could do for his family and the community would be to rest and recover, why shouldn't the community pay him for doing it that service, and keeping down its tuberculosis death-rate? Since the family needed some little help, why not insert it into their pockets by way of their natural bread-winner? I fixed on fifteen dollars a month as a salary for Mr. Leslie to earn by his efforts for the public health. It seemed to me that fifty cents a day would be enough to hold him on the painful and wearisome job of resting. And I thought we ought to offer it for a period of ten months or twelve.

A hundred and fifty dollars was too much to ask the Red Cross for, or the church. So I wrote to that first cottager who had called on the Leslies. Would he furnish me with a hundred and fifty dollars to give Mr. Leslie the psychological medicine he needed most?

He has never replied.

I am beginning to be the prey of a question which I have heard other people ask themselves, but which I have never asked myself before in all my sixty years.

As long as the well-to-do are never able, collectively, to finance a thorough recovery for people like the Leslies, why extend our frugal help at all? Wouldn't it be better to spend our slight margin over and above our own well-developed needs on the attempt to bring about a state of wages which would enable some Mr. Leslie, some time in the future, to afford to get well and stay so?

After "San"—A Job

By MARY ROSS

ONE day the doctors listen to the patient's chest for the last time; perhaps they take a final X-ray. Then with a verdict of tuberculosis become "quiescent," or "arrested," they tell him to pack up his things, and notify his family, and go home, a graduate of the "san."

What next? Behind the graduate lie six months or a year during which he probably has been freer from care and responsibility than ever before in his life unless he has been worried about his family. There have been days in the open air in a steamer chair; a comfortingly exact régime, guarded by the nurse, thermometer in hand—quiet, sunlight, and the proper food appearing, almost automatically, at the proper intervals. Everyone about him, doctors, nurses, attendants, have been interested in him and in curing his tuberculosis. But outside the sanatorium waits a world which will fear him, which is full of dust and noise and confusion, where worry and long hours of work rack that body which has been built up so carefully by rest and care.

So it is no wonder that many studies of the "san" graduates show that within a year and a half or two years half

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of them have broken down again. They are back in the sanatorium, or perhaps already dead of tuberculosis.

At the sanatorium the patient learned how necessary are rest and food and fresh air and the other simple essentials which constitute most of what we know of the cure of tuberculosis. But how to get them? Tuberculosis characteristically attacks men and women in their twenties and thirties, when the burden of supporting themselves and of raising a family is heaviest upon them. They must go back to earn as best they may, and often enough the trade in which they broke down is not one to which they can return. So they tramp the streets, hunting blindly for "suitable occupation," more often than not afraid to ask many of the details of work on a particular job, or to ask for any special consideration, for fear that it should become known that they had had tuberculosis and the door be closed with a curt "we don't want lungers working here."

There was Mr. Simpson, for example, who had worked in a certain New York firm for twenty-eight years. It was the only place he had ever worked. When he came home from the sanatorium his employer was unable to take him back (the best of solutions in professions and trades where the work is not too hard and employers will cooperate), though the New York Tuberculosis Association vouched for the fact that he could in no wise endanger his fellow-employes, and offered to keep him under regular supervision. He had no references other than this particular firm—if they will not take him, who will? In this case the wife had been a bank employe, so resuming her maiden name, as many New York banks refuse to employ married women, she went back to work to support the family.

There was Visocky, who had been a chef in New York hotels, and whose whole working experience was as a cook. There was Schmidt, 43, with three children, who had been a butcher. But it would be difficult as well as unwise to place men who had had tuberculosis where they would handle food, though with supervision, their employment in less intimate occupations would not involve the slightest risk to others. What are they to do?

There was the Asturias family, Porto Ricans who had followed the cigar-making trade to New ork. In the midst of its strange ways Mrs. Asturias found it hard enough to manage with the $20—$30 a week her husband earned and keep the children and the flat tidy. He broke down, and a relief society tided her over the time he was at the sanatorium. When he came back he could find no way to support the family except by making more cigars. So back he went, despite warnings against the dangerous dusts of the factory. After five months he had to return to the sanatorium. When he came home the second time there was a new baby, just a month old, and the flat was dirtier and more cluttered than ever. Again the question of what he could do. He replied flatly that unless he could find something which would pay him more than $18 a week, it was no use for him to work at all, and risk another breakdown. So the mother, who had hardly regained her strength, set out to look for work in a laundry, as she had worked before her marriage, and the young father (he is only 29 now) is at home in those dark little rooms, minding the baby and the two runabouts. Unless some other way out is found, that flat is set for the scene of deeper tragedy.

The situation is not always as discouraging as this. There was Torok who had been a cabinet maker in Czechoslovakia. When he came to this country, whose language he did not know, he took the first means that presented itself to support his wife and the four children. He worked as a watchman (that usually means much stair-climbing and sometimes heavy lifting), as a helper in garages, as a waiter. When he had recovered from the breakdown which followed, the association found work for him in his own trade, which put less tax on his strength, and brought more satisfaction as well as money. Now he even is able to go to night school a little to improve his English, and the children are helping him in it at home.

These cases show some of the difficulties which the New York Tuberculosis Association has found in the first year and a half of its three years' demonstration of a vocational placement service. Employers, who might point with pride to their benevolence in hiring a one-legged time-keeper, are afraid to take on a one-lunger for the same job. The trades which break a man down are usually the least desirable for him to go back to. Most of the men and women who leave sanatoria must start earning at once.

But the greatest problem of all is the need for part-time jobs. Each applicant at the vocational bureau is examined by the association's physician who specializes in the problems of tuberculosis in industry. During the first fifteen months of this service he found that more than 25 per cent of the applicants ought not to do more than part-time work, at least for the present.

But apparently there are almost no part-time jobs in industry. For good and proper reasons employers are unwilling to make arrangements so that one man uses a machine in the morning, another in the afternoon. And the best efforts of the association, in New York City, where there are at least as many opportunities as elsewhere in the country, turned up only twelve such jobs in a year. This means that where economic pressure is great many are forced to do full-time work at the risk of re-lighting their tuberculosis.

Even with the best advice that circumstances permit, and with the monthly physical examination which the New York Association requires, many of the men and women aided by the vocational service break down under the strain of work. Others (more than one-third of those placed in the past year) become discouraged at the lower pay which they must take in changing from a skilled trade to one more suitable, but frequently unskilled, or get panicky about their health, or find work too irksome, and simply quit. When sufficient data has been collected, the association will make a comparative study of the experience of the men whom it has placed; and of a control group composed of those who were examined by its physicians but did not take the jobs which it offered and could provide, to see if the latter, acting on their own initiative, have fared worse than the men for whom skilled service has done what it could do under discouraging conditions. The findings of this study may shed some light on the question as to whether vocational guidance for workers who have had tuberculosis is worth while; at best trying to fit handicapped people to ready-made industry is a solution which fails at many points.

Some of these difficulties were met by the experiment of the Reco Workshop, for training tuberculous ex-service men, which was maintained by the New York Tuberculosis Association from June, 1920, until September, 1924, at the request of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Jewelry making, watch-repairing, and cabinet making were chosen and taught under medical supervision, since they

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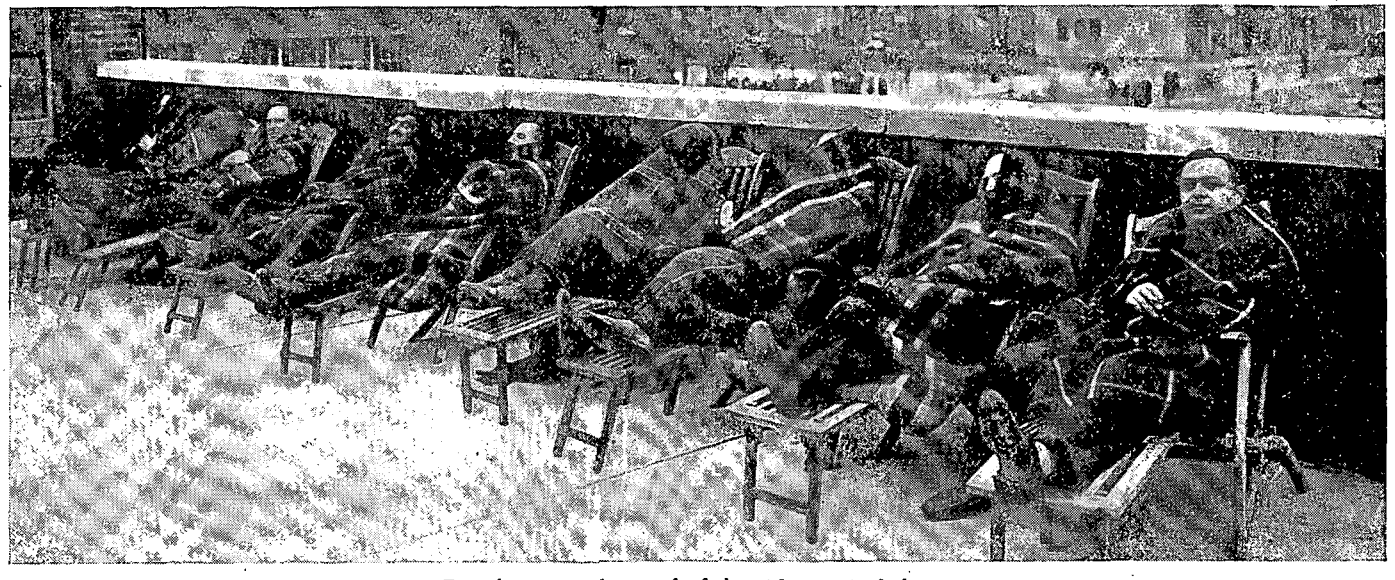
provided suitable occupation for men who should not be subjected to heavy manual labor, and yet offered a chance of supporting a family. However, it is difficult to teach new and specialized trades to men who have been used to such different work as that of a blacksmith, painter, farmer, or motorman, to mention the former occupations of some who completed the training. This difficulty was accentuated by the fact that the men could work only a few hours a day—for the whole group the average number of hours of work a month was only a little more than ninety. For this reason the average training course covered twenty-eight months—a period of time long enough to be discouraging even to these ex-service men who had an allowance to cover their support in the meantime, and unthinkable for civilians without some special means of providing for their families and themselves. Only 29 of the 291 men who were accepted had completed their courses when the shop closed after more than four years, while fifty more who were still in training were transferred to other places. Two-thirds of the men who started the courses left before the end of six months. The venture was concluded because the Veterans' Bureau is able to provide for the re-education of ex-service men in its own institutions. Training for highly skilled trades does not seem adapted for general civilian use. It is too expensive, and it takes too long.

One of the first things that should be done for a man or a woman who has recovered from active tuberculosis, is to find work that will bring in an immediate return, slight though it may be. It is demoralizing to spend months of unaccustomed idleness, even though it may be mitigated somewhat by occupational therapy. The "san" graduate comes out eager to be able to provide again for his family, but frequently over-fearful as to his own power, long on enthusiasm but short on endurance and sometimes on grit. The fear of dependence on the one hand, and of a breakdown on the other, leads to mental and nervous conflicts sometimes more exhausting than the work itself. He needs the assurance that someone is taking an interest in himself and his family; he needs someone to encourage him to do all that he can safely, with a doctor in the background to determine what that is in each case, and to tell him to go slow, easy and steady; and he needs to see some immediate return for his efforts. After a period of social and industrial convalescence thus guided and guarded he may regain the ability to carry the whole load alone.

Unique in the answer which it has given to this whole set of vexing questions is the work of the Committee for the Care of the Jewish Tuberculous in New York City. The committee was started a little more than ten years ago by a group of men representing the Free Synagogue, the United Hebrew Charities and Montefiore Hospital. They were determined to find some method of cutting down that appalling wastage of the "san" graduates who relapsed. Their answer was the establishment of a "sheltered shop"; and needlework was chosen as suitable and the best available industry since many of their Jewish group were already familiar with it. The workshop started in the second story of a shack in upper New York, the best place the committee could rent after discouraging attempts to convince landlords that it would not menace their property. Later it moved to larger and better quarters, and a few weeks ago opened its own building, a full-fledged factory, yet one of the finest rehabilitation shops in the world.

Business is business in the Altro Workshop. All work is done and paid for at a piece rate at least equal, in each instance, to the union scale. Its products—washable garments suitable for hospitals and other institutions, hotels, nurses, nursemaids, etc.—must meet the commercial standard. Each finished garment is sterilized in live steam so that there is not the remotest chance of its carrying infection. The workshop competes in the open market like any other manufacturing concern. Last year it paid out $40,000 actually earned in wages by the men and women who work there, and ended the year with a small net loss. It is at a disadvantage in comparison with its commercial competitors in the amount of floor and air and window space for each employe and in a dozen other particulars where nothing has been spared to make it the best possible place to work. In the new building, all but 18 per cent of which is paid for, the workshop will not have to pay rent, and with the larger output which will be possible in the larger space, and the lower overhead, it is expected that it will meet all its expenses.

But while business is business, work at the Altro Workshop means more than business; it means a thorough-going "industrial convalescence." Each man or woman accepted



Rest hour on the roof of the Altro Workshop

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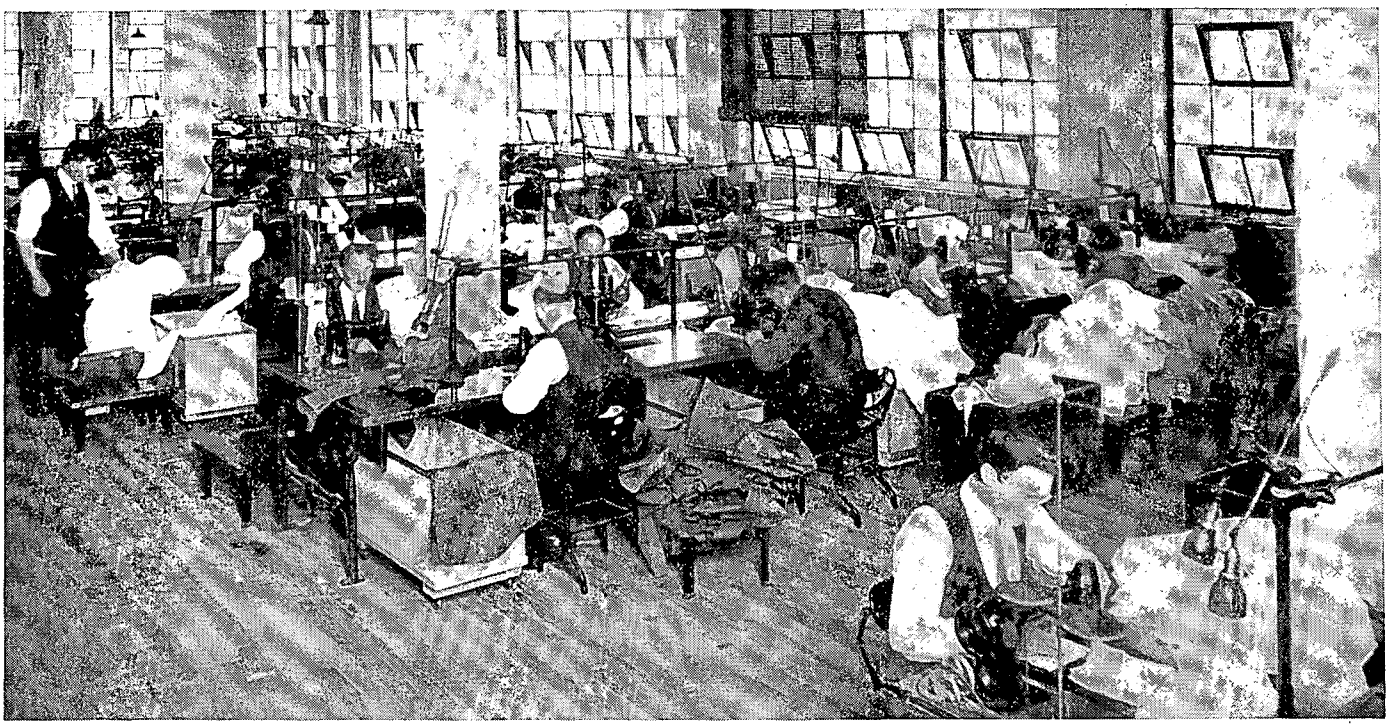

Work at the Altro Workshop means more than business; it means "industrial convalescence"

for employment is examined by the committee's physician, not at the shop, which looks like the factory it is, but at the central offices downtown. He (or she) is told how many hours he may work a day; what food is necessary; and other details of régime. A social worker visits the family, if there is one, and notes home conditions, and helps with plans to ensure cleanliness and fresh air and proper rest and diet there. If there is any indication of need for it, other members of the family are examined carefully for tuberculosis or other disease.

The worker may be totally unskilled in any branch of the needlework trade. Half of the whole group had never come in contact with a sewing machine. However, because of the centralization of the clothing trades in the Jewish population of New York City, the group is almost sure to contain some skilled operators, and even an unskilled worker, after three weeks' instruction, starts on some simple process which brings him a return in wages.

At the first he may be able to work only a few hours a day. The working schedule of the whole group runs from one-third to five-sixths of a standard day's work. His whole time, however, is under the direction of the workshop. When he is not working (a time-clock does the opposite of its ordinary duty in this factory) he may be resting in one of the rooms upstairs, where, as in the factory, the walls are almost completely of glass; or, in mild weather, on the large roof garden sheltered only by awnings. He may be taking advantage of the excellent baths provided in the building, or buying supplementary food ordered by the physician in the cheerful dining room where about two hundred patients can be fed. A nurse, not in uniform, is on duty at the factory to see that the physicians' directions are carried out and to give any necessary advice and instruction.

But while the cash in his weekly pay envelope shows only the actual work he has performed, the committee realizes that even the ex-tuberculous do not live by fresh air and sunshine alone. In addition to that cash, each pay envelope contains a check for the amount needed to bring the family income up to a level deemed adequate by a committee with an unusually high budgetary standard. The check is signed by Edward Hochhauser, executive director of the committee, as president of the workshop. Cashed at the corner grocery, it looks no different from any pay check.

As the money wages go up, with increasing strength and skill, the check subsidy goes down. Within three years, about two-thirds of the families of the workers "work out" and become entirely self-supporting. Relapses have been reduced from 50 per cent during the first year and a half to between 15 per cent and 20 per cent in a period extending to six years from the patients' discharge from the sanatorium.

To say that two-thirds become self-supporting is to say more than might be apparent at first glance. "Self-supporting," in this instance, means maintaining a standard which has been raised by years of education as to food and sanitary conditions necessary in any home, but doubly so in one which has been shadowed by tuberculosis. Some of these men never had earned a living wage in this meaning of the word. To take them as adults, under a physical handicap, and bring them up to that level, is a two-fold achievement. There was a peddler, who had never had his chance. Oddly enough he got it through tuberculosis; he now earns $32 a week as skilled operator in the clothing trade. The assistant foreman at the shop used to be a tinsmith.

In helping a family to bridge the gap between the sanatorium and self-support the Altro Workshops are doing a job as complete and as unique in its way as is the Home Hospital, in which the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor carries a whole family through the actual illness—due to tuberculosis— of one of its members. Altro has some special advantages which would not be adapted to every community. Its predominantly Jewish clientele has a larger degree of experience in the clothing trade than probably could be found in a more mixed group. Situated in New York City. (*Continued on page* 556)

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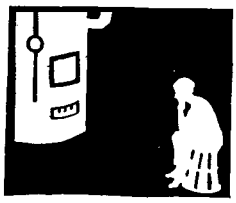
What Has She Done With It?

Meditations of an Amateur Stoker

By MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE



SEATED on an upturned peach basket before the furnace door, I contemplated the monster of which I had been left in charge. That part of my family which by divine right of sex winds the clock, carves the roast and stokes the furnace, was away and it was my job to keep our cellar-octopus fed. This required not only wrist work, but experimental research and considerable periods of intense contemplation, for only one piece of instruction had stuck by me:

"And the last thing every night, shake it down till the live coals begin to fall into the ash pit, then put on eight large shovels of pea coal, shut that draft and open this door."

As I waited to see whether my inspirational arrangement of the drafts would make the fire come up or go down, I considered the incredible fact that vocational surveys show some women who pursue stoking as an occupation. Is it possible they think it a good job?

WITH thousands of girls beginning work every year it does seem important to know those fundamentals without which no job can be considered a good one for a woman, and also to have some idea as to how those characteristics may be acquired.

A good job must give enough to eat and to wear, a place to live and some provision for unemployment and old age. There must be a fair chance of living out one's years, and the moral hazard must be low. It must be reasonably permanent and well thought of in the community. Surely a good job could do no less than this.

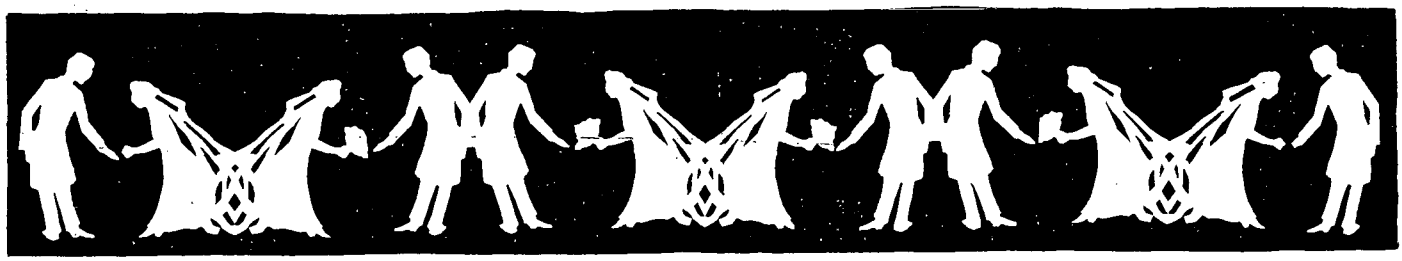
According to this standard, of the four women's jobs that are best established,—marriage, civil service, teaching and domestic service—the first three are good and the last extremely poor. For contrary to the general conviction founded on the wish rather than the fact, the domestic servant though receiving high wages is frequently dependent in her old age. Though reasonably immune from accident and disease her moral hazard is higher than in any other occupation. There is little chance for advancement or companionship and the profession is not regarded with envy in the community. But there is no need for the altruistic to concern themselves. That job seems to be eliminating itself. The last two censuses show a steady decrease, and the rising generation—at least of the white race—though frequently trained in domestic science is not planning to enter domestic service, at any rate, to any observable extent.

But marriage, teaching and the civil service, considered as occupations, are good jobs and have much in common. They all pay a living wage although that of the wife is assured her in "kind"—as food, clothing and shelter. All three make some provision for accident and old age—pensions for teachers and civil servants, and for married women the dower right in their husbands' property. The health, accident and moral hazard of them all are low. No one can be dismissed without cause either through school boards, heads of government departments, or the divorce courts, and there is no social stigma attached to any of these occupations as yet. We've been working for some two thousand years to improve marriage so that it's probably the best job of the three, all things considered: but the other two are pretty good—as jobs go. These jobs are good, however, because they've been made so by large bodies of women working together for a long time—not by individually successful marriages, rapidly advanced civil servants, or popular teachers. The younger women wage workers have grasped this fact and have banded themselves together to fight for a minimum wage and an insurance against unemployment, accident and old age such as marriage and the other good occupations provide, but the girls fresh from college who are just going to work seem to be still relying on individual initiative to make their jobs what they want them to be.

Last month in one of the Mississippi cities I spent an evening with a group of these young graduates—five straight-spoken young women in the very early twenties, with clear eyes and hair that looked like polished cabinet work, girls wonderfully shod and with no more consciousness of their legs than of their eyebrows. One dark haired houri who had a position as assistant in the chemistry department of the City College was in a state of protest.

"I think my job is a mistake," she said. "They keep me correcting papers most of the time, so I'm going to try for the laboratory of the General Electric. Of course, I've headed myself toward the textile mills to learn to be a buyer of cloth, but that means going east and I don't want to cut mother and father out again so soon. I sort of like 'em and I guess a year or so in the Electric will count as experience anyway. Any of you know who I better see about a job there?"

"If you put on that red and grey sport suit you'll get a job from any one that happens around."



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With these girls beauty was reckoned as high as an asset in business as it has always been in marriage.

"You can overdo that, Marian." The speaker was a tall slender beauty with incredible hair. "I did!"

They all laughed, and I ventured timidly to ask what the story was.

"I ought to have known it, but I was such a silly as to think that the big salary they offered me in the publishing house was on my college record—not a chance! It was this!" and she patted the hair over her ears. "They put me in the reception room—think of it! The *reception room!* Gave me a little table and set me to talk pleasantly to people who came in—give them chairs and hand them magazines if they had to wait. Once in a while I filed a few bills or sent out a few form letters! At first I though it was a tryout, but it didn't take me long to see that I wouldn't have a chance in the real publishing business till my hair turned grey or I got fat."

"What did you do?"

She told me that she had gone into the advertising department of a big specialty plant where she put in eight hours of good stiff effort every day.

"Of course, it's my steady work to see that the proof comes and goes as it should, to check up on the space we use and see what returns we get out of it. But the point is that when I do get a thought of my own I can use it on this job. I got quite a good idea about selling felt slippers the other day—took it up to Mr. Wessells and he used nearly all of it! Told me to try it again! I'm hoping to get up into Mrs. Varst's class before I die. They say the stuff she writes never misses fire. It doesn't matter to anybody that her hair's that terrible color between grey and light brown—or even if she's got any hair at all, or that she wears fleece lined rubbers and forgets to take 'em off. Of course, she gets a whopping salary and she'll keep on getting it till she drops. A good job is what I'm after—something that sort of *moves!* Something I'll be willing to stick by as long as I live—something that'll stick by me, the way Mrs. Varst's job sticks by her."

They were all like that—these five girls—from the one who was about to be married to the one who was hoping to go on the stage, they were crisp, definite and set on the thing that they wanted—a good job.

AND permanence is an increasingly important charteristic of a good job since women's work has advanced from the strong wrist to the strong brain stage. Not long ago I was shown a letter from a woman employed by a firm of statisticians. It was a pathetic cry for help. For that firm retired their women workers at the age of forty—and she was thirty-nine! Inside of a year she must have a new job, and after forty is no good time to get one. I knew the sort of work she had been doing—tabulating, reporting and organizing technical material: a "white collar job": the job of a lady, which didn't preclude her being asked to dinner or joining the Woman's Club, work the college woman has been taking up. But what a job! Evidently the firm thought it wore the brain into uselessness or they would have kept their employes long enough to profit by their experience. Palpably quite as heinously exploiting as though it broke the back, put out the eyes, or crippled the fingers! And if this were true ought not this worn-out woman to be a permanent charge on the industry that had so used her just as much as the invalid wife is a permanent charge on her husband? But perhaps when we have spent as much time on the job of statistical tabulating, as we have on marriage it may be equally reliable, or else thrown into the discard along with domestic service!

ALONG in the upper reaches of university women, however, it is being grasped that a jood job is a social product rather than a personal possession. Late in the summer the International Federation of University Women, to which twenty nations have been admitted, held its third biennial conference in Christiania. One of the major committees that was appointed was that on Careers for Women in Industry, Trade and Finance. Elizabeth Baker of the Department of Economics and Sociology at Barnard College, who was one of the delegates, has sent me the following account: This federation represents 25,000 college women.

> Women have been slow in taking their places in the larger commercial affairs of the world. . . . They have not mastered the science of marketing between nations, of the purchase and sale of raw materials and finished goods, and of the extension of credit. These are pursuits that require a highly specialized technique and involve an understanding of languages, of differences in customs and national idiosyncracies. . . . This committee sees its function to be the stimulation of women to increased initiative through which they will equip themselves with such technical knowledge as to fit them to be heads of large scale production and leaders in finance.

AND after all this, there was that furnace waiting for me! How unreservedly would I have thrown myself into any association for the amelioration of stoking! What efforts I would have put forth to induce the company to deliver fuel oil at my door! To establish a community steam plant for the county! To transmute coal into electricity at the mine-mouth so that stoking accomplished by presing a button, would become a good job! But even as I reached for the shovel I realized that for me it could never be brought into the class with marriage, teaching or the civil service.

And then eight large shovels of pea coal!

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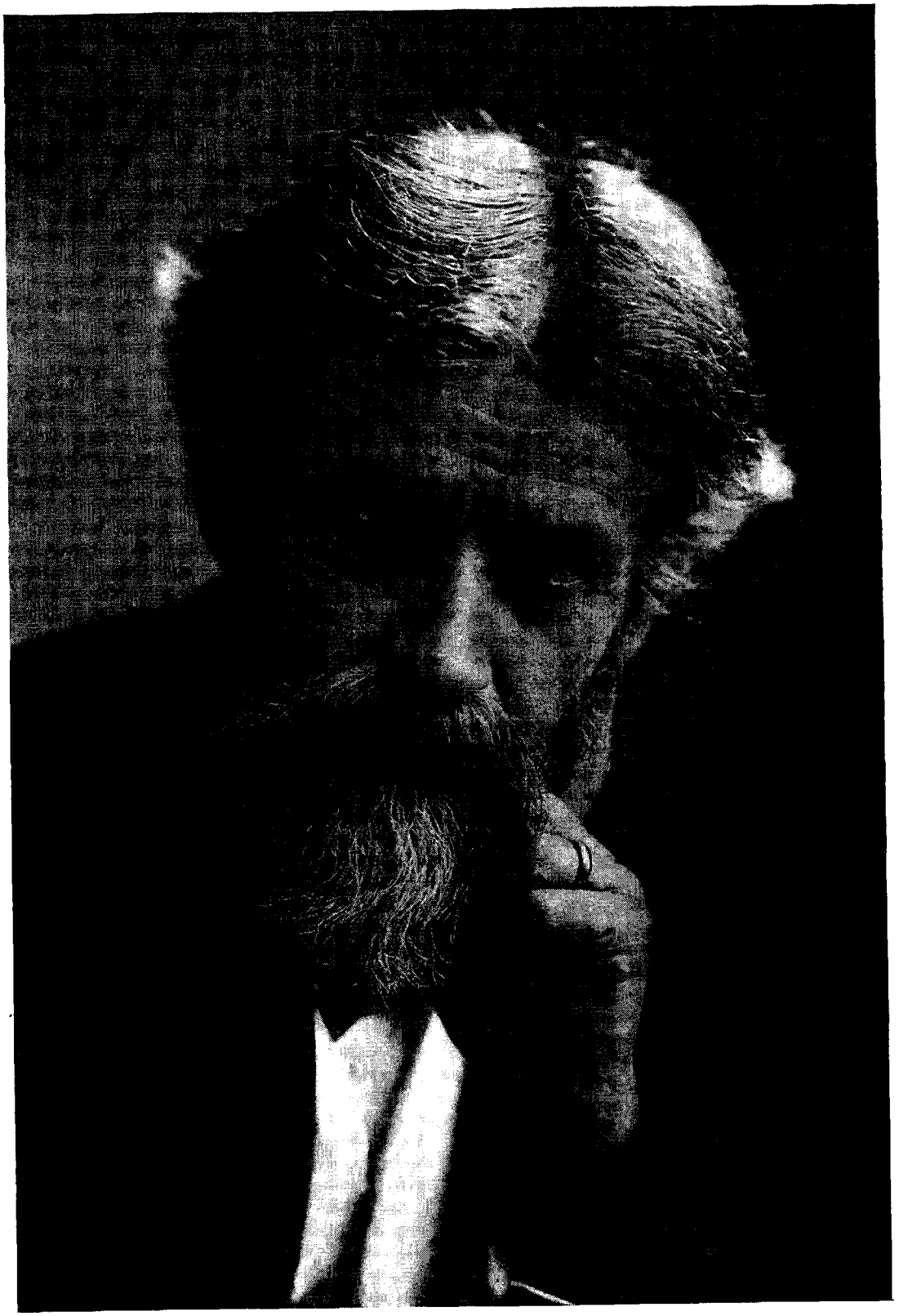

PATRICK GEDDES

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Talks From My Outlook Tower

By PATRICK GEDDES

Who *Is* Patrick Geddes?

Foreword by Lewis Mumford

IF one dropped in on a luncheon group at the faculty club of a metropolitan university and asked a dozen scholars: Who *is* Patrick Geddes, there would probably be a dozen answers, and though some of the answers would be hazy, they would all, I think, be different; and one might get the impression that Professor Geddes is a vigorous institution, rather than a man.

The biologist would probably be the first to speak up: he would say that Geddes, with his old pupil J. Arthur Thomson, the editor of The Outline of Science, had written the classic book on The Evolution of Sex, and in more recent years had collaborated on two fertile little volumes in the Home University Series. He might add, if he had been abroad, that Geddes had occupied the chair of botany at St. Andrew's University for more than thirty years. The economist is a little more shaky in his knowledge; still, he might recall that Geddes had written on statistics and economic theory and cooperation in the eighties, and had only a year or two ago published a closely written pamphlet on the Principles of Sociology in Relation to Economics. At this point the sociologist might wake up: for him Geddes would be one of the main founders of the Sociological Society of Great Britain, the author of a series of papers published by that society on Civics as Concrete and Applied Sociology, the joint editor of a series of post-war books devoted to The Making of the Future; and if our sociologist were quite honest, he would probably add that he had not read any of these essays, since they were not in the Ward-Giddings-Gumplowicz tradition.

So it would go on. The geographer would think of Geddes as the founder of the regional survey movement, and the professor of city planning would put Geddes at the head of the Cities Movement in Great Britain, and indicate how Geddes' survey of Edinburgh was the starting-point of the survey movement in England. Some one else might volunteer that Geddes had spent the better part of the last ten years in India and Palestine surveying and planning and replanning some fifty cities, and laying the foundations for the Universities of Jerusalem and Hyderabad, for Tagore's college at Santeniketan, and for numerous temples and gardens. Even the physicist would have a word: he would remember Geddes as the man who anticipated Ostwald and Frederick Soddy in applying the concept of energy to the social sciences, and as the biographer of the great experimental physicist, Sir Jagadis Bose.

We have not yet exhausted the man. The instructor in dramatics—if for the sake of convenience we may include him in this impossibly mixed group—would perhaps know that Geddes was one of the principal revivers of the masque and the pageant; while the librarian might speak a little resentfully of this Patrick Geddes, who, in collaboration with Paul Otlet, the founder of the International Institute of Bibliography at Brussels, desired to substitute a rational principle of classification for the ten arbitrary categories of the Dewey decimal system, or the endless and even more arbitrary categories of the British Museum! The professor of philosophy and logic would probably be the only member of our group who had never even heard Geddes' name; and he would wince with skepticism if I told him that, extraordinary as is the range and intensity of Geddes' thought in the fields we have been glancing at, it is as a rigorous systematic thinker, comparable to Leibnitz, Aristotle, or Pythagoras, that Geddes will perhaps best be known one day.

I have briefly sketched in the outward and visible results of Geddes's threescore and ten years of unceasing activity; and yet it is only a beginning. In the cupboards of the Sociological Society's headquarters in an old Victorian house in Pimlico, and in numerous rooms in the Outlook Tower at Edinburgh are boxes and bales that are filled, as it were, with the debris of Geddes' thought. There is something in the quantitative total of these notes and lectures which means more than figures can convey: these endless heaps of notations and diagrams, here complete, there but suggestive scraps, are witness to a constant fury of thought. Such activity is too often only the compensation for a defect: the intensity of Cavendish was the mark of a deep neurosis, and Herbert Spencer completed his philosophy out of a pre-occupied invalidism. Not so with Geddes; for his work and his philosophy have sprung out of the fulness of his life, as Hermes the traveler; as Apollo the thinker; as Ares, the husband and father; as Hercules, the cleanser of the slums

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of Edinburgh, and now, at the summit of his life, as Jove, the wise parent of spirit-children scattered about the world in New York, Bombay, Calcutta, Indore, Jerusalem, Edinburgh, Montpelier, London, and where not.

Come in to Geddes and watch him at work. If you have learned to use your eyes and hands, if there is still a touch of the peasant or craftsman about you which will redeem your cockney attention to the abstractions of money or literature, you will be twice welcome; and if you know how to ask intelligent questions, or hold your tongue when you can't, you may stay till long after your stomach has vainly signaled the dinner hour and has collapsed in sheer despair at not being attended to! Geddes, like every great teacher, is as ready to expound his faith and his views to the first honest fool he can pick off the highway as he is to the scribes and pharisees; for the scribes and pharisees do not like to have their tidy habits and their comfortable arrangements upset by one who touches no subject that he does not question, and raises no question that he does not meet with an answer not provided "in the back of the book."

Drop in, and behold a wiry little man, with a bushy, reddish gray beard and a bulging forehead, carefully folding and refolding a piece of paper to serve as a diagram—a method which grew out of a period of blindness at the very outset of his career. A rapid flow of words strains through the beard in a sort of muffled soliloquy; the eyes fill with pucklike humor or with grave pity; the big, heavy masterful hands, hands that seem like roots that have not quite shaken off the earth, bend themselves deftly to the task; and if the talk turns to the imbecility of the cockney or the stupidity of the bureaucrat or the helpless mechanization of the modern world or the rendering unto Caesar of the things that are Caesar's and also the things that are God's, both the humor and the pity may disappear from those grey eyes, and they will be filled instead with a red berserker rage which kindles momentarily into a memorable phrase or an epigram. To be present when Geddes is at work is to know what Bernard Shaw meant when in Back to Methusaleh he pictured his ancients as living in a vortex of thought. And whereas most of us do not separate thinking from reverie unless we have some practical piece of work to do, with Geddes the early morning hours are kept inviolate for thinking alone, and if he has no fresh task to perform he still goes through the ritual of thinking, as a musician will go through his finger exercises, or run over a piece for the five thousandth time for the sake of an additional depth of perfection.

Professor Geddes perfected for his own use a method of dealing with complex data which is comparable to the invention of the logarithm table in trigonometry, and when applied to social life, for example, it produces a degree of symmetry and order in the haphazard jumble of facts comparable to that produced in chemistry by Mendeleeff's table. The perfecting of this intellectual apparatus or "thinking-machine" and the mapping of the world and life and time have been the great intellectual adventures of Geddes's life. They have been responsible, too, perhaps for the slowness in which he has come into his own; for he did not merely create new ideas, he was forced to create a new framework which would embrace the existing ideas and hold a place for fresh ones. In other works, he not merely focused attention on new objects: he hit the new objects by using a new kind of glass. The Struldbrugs of thought regard the discovery of new ideas as a serious offense; but when one compounds the offence by adding new categories they become merciless. It is no little wonder that Geddes has survived; and no wonder at all that he has not the popularity of a Wells or a Robinson.

Now, if we are to have fresh thinking, if we are to create democratic art, a polity, a culture comparable to those that have existed in the past, we must find a new habitat for our thought. Geddes, as a biologist, looks upon thought, with John Dewey, as a response to an environment, and does not expect new wine to ferment in old bottles without breaking them. So it follows that Geddes not only emphasizes the necessity for a new kind of university, but has taken the pains to create it. Whereas the ordinary university attempts to meet the conditions of modern life by introducing courses on business or engineering or what not, Geddes conceived of a university militant which, instead of passively following the currents of the outside world, will stand above them and react upon them. The name of this new university, or this new adjunct to the old universities, is the Outlook Tower.

The Outlook Tower is both a real building and an idea. It stands on Castlehill, at the head of High Street in Edinburgh, watching over that historic mile between the Castle and Holyrood, where the events of Scotch history are sealed in a hundred buried stones and living edifices. Once used by an Edinburgh optician as a museum of astronomical instruments and scientific toys, this romantic building, with its castellated roofs and turrets, passed into Professor Geddes' hands in 1892; and thereafter it was more than a physical structure, it was a sociological laboratory, it was a meeting place for all those who had common interests in the community or in the intellectual life.

From the gallery at the top of the Tower one has a view of Edinburgh and the surrounding region, and by considering in turn all the elements of the view—the sun, the clouds, the distant hills and their vegetation, and the nearer works of man—one tends to drop the habit of thinking in terms of bare abstractions, and one sees the variety and unity of the world from which the sciences, the arts, the organizations, the movements, take their departure. With this initial view, one goes down from the prospect to the floor devoted to Edinburgh, next to that devoted to Scotland, and then to the English speaking countries, and finally to the planet as a whole. One leaves the building with a new orientation: and if Professor Geddes has been at one's elbow, as interpreter, one has perhaps for the first time got one's bearings in the world of "reality" and the world of thought.

For the twenty years between 1892 and 1912 Professor Geddes was able to infuse himself in all the activities of the tower. In the nineties it served as the center of an artistic and literary revival in Edinburgh and Glasgow, which was dimmed only by the profounder Irish revival of O'Grady, A. E. and Yeats; out of the collections of the Tower grew Geddes' famous Cities Exhibition; and out of the Tower went forth a stream of disciples, colleagues and visitors who had caught some glimpse of the new vision of a life abundant, that had taken fire here. The Tower and Patrick Geddes: it is almost impossible to distinguish them. And as the Tower embodies a new outlook, a new method, a fresh mode of life, wherever that vision is seen and that mode followed, some new avatar of the Tower must arise. "Why not," as Professor Geddes would quickly urge, "in America?"

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A Schoolboy's Bag and a City's Pageant

By PATRICK GEDDES

The Outlook Tower in Edinburgh

AS I wandered through New York two summers ago, I could not but see the city in terms of its historic origins. Plainly I saw Jerusalem; not only with its synagogues but with its churches. And the municipal greatness of New York, like all those stupendous manifestations of American power and government, law and politics which we see at Washington, is substantially inherited from Rome. Thus the essential type, and even the make-up, of our great modern communities, is far more profoundly derived from these ancient cities than from England and the other countries Americans may hail from. The shipping and business activities of the United States have come overseas from England and Holland; but these came down from Spain, Genoa, Venice; and thence, a long way back, from Carthage, as Carthage drew them from Tyre and Sidon, with their "big business" doings between King Hiram and King Solomon, with their ships from Tarshish and other places too.

In grappling with the problems of city and regional planning, now arising wherever citizens are becoming conscious of their needs, we can thus learn from the past. Those who do not see the significance, to themselves and their times, of the main developments throughout the world which especially have contributed to the growth of their own cities, are merely those who have never caught the gleam and romance of history, and thus of city-building, greatest of arts.

We are most of us old enough not to hold the view, which is growing up among children nowadays, that there always have been aeroplanes. Yet the first time I was in Washington, twenty-five years ago, I asked the bright young hotel-clerk, "Do you know if Professor Graham Bell is in town?"

He said, "Who?"

I said, "Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone."

"Never heard of him"

"Not heard of your great inventor? Why, look at your telephone!"

"Oh, come now, we've always had telephones!"

Well, that was the modern town-dweller; not of historic mind obviously; yet none the less as we find him, and indeed throughout the historic process, habituated to things as they are, without troubling about their origins, too rarely even realizing they have any.

I.

IN a simple way you may verify the conception of the social heritage. Here is a vivid instance. As the boys come out of school, you stop one of them carrying his school-bag; and you ask him to show you what he has in it. Take its contents separately.

Here on top, is the all-important Arithmetic book, without which there is no future for this youngster, either in business or in college. Yet this careful study of arithmetic in schools is of very recent origin. It came into British schools about 1820 or so; and specifically as an initiation into the commercial and financial age, into its pecuniary culture, which is increasingly dominant in the present. Yet although this emphasis on arithmetic is modern, its origins lie far back in the past. Thus our "Arabic" numerals are now known to be borrowings from ancient India.

But now, what next? The boy's Examination Paper. That again is definitely a character of the modern imperial tradition, borrowed largely from England, which got it from Napoleonic France, which adopted it from old-world China. For we Occidentals have as definitely imported examinations from China as we have our tea, porcelain, silk, landscape-gardening, and various other elements of our civilization.

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(The ladies have for the most part attached to themselves the satisfactory and civilizing things, the silk, porcelain, tea and gardens; while we poor men-folks got the weight of the mandarins' examinations upon us!)

Next in the bag we find the Reading-book the boy is going to be examined on; often a book of extracts on all manner of subjects, a mass of varied information: so when he has disgorged it, we approve him as "a perfect encyclopedia." We are at once taken back to the origins of the Liberal age, so largely centered around Diderot's great Encyclopedia, the characteristic and central authority since the main origins of the French political (and British industrial) Revolution. Yet again this had its origins all the way from ancient Greece, as its very name implies.

So now we have localized, and dated, three items at the top of the school-bag. But below we find a massive and substantial Grammar, perhaps even a Dictionary—and both of these are indelible products of the Renaissance learning, especially in its decline.

Below them a written paper. "What's this?" "Oh, my Essay." On Nature, or Patriotism, or Duty, or some other more or less abstract subject. This juvenile dissertation dates obviously from the mediaeval university; it is in principle one of its "theses," for graduation or for debate.

Then at length we come down to our boy's Virgil, and even his Homer: here at length are the actual "Classics" of Roman and Greek culture. Deeper still, we may find a Catechism, or other matter of religious instruction; and these take us back to the Patriarchal Age.

Now a book of gayer cover, and contraband aspect accordingly—a Story-book! Latest in date, yet oldest of all; for tales hark back to the Matriarchal world, the mother-age, of which anthropologists tell us, with its wealth of story-telling—"once upon a time."

And at the very bottom we find an apple, and a ball. Both, though seeming so fresh and new, are charged with history, indeed beyond all else. For this apple is obviously the raw fruit, and this ball the ready missile, of the Primitive Age of man—and not merely of our youngster, though he may himself be pretty primitive in his ways when out of school.

Thus we see our school-boy, heir of all the ages, possessed of fragments from the great tradition of all the main culture-phases of the past. With these, alas, he bears also the burden of this long past, since too much turned from gold to lead by the false alchemy and black magic of centuries of bad schooling. All learning indeed, all kinds of study are thus historical, for good and evil alike. Even our modern mechanistic culture has the like remote origins: for Edison with his light but continues Prometheus with his fire. Aye, even our "price-system," our economic and financial systems, our modern war-infections and more, are all growths. True, these have passed their flower; and they now have competitors, of more than one new order, springing up to claim their place. Yet these new claimants also have elements of a deep, and reviving past—a pre-historic past of ancient peace, when men were cultivating the plants and domesticating the animals; and thus being cultivated and domesticated by them. Even "the new woman," with her political claims, is but reviving her ancient influence in simpler societies; and the new educators, like Madame Montessori, are renewing the mother-age. Whether we are eager for progress, or for conserving what is old and familiar, we are alike thus historical.

II.

THE boy, if not stupefied by his burden, may ask us, "If all this is in my school-bag, what have you in the University?" Much the same, but more elaborately, and thus more sub-dividedly. But now much of the university, with its many specialized duties, is being conveniently condensed for the boy; and for those of older growth as well. Witness the biggest of Wells' books: his Outline of History is doing immense service as a general outline of the heritage. The only footnote I need add to it here has to do with his limitations as a Londoner. Like earlier compilers, however reflective and critical, he is mainly interested in the great states, and their great individuals. Despite an unusually evolutionary treatment, he still too largely neglects the elemental facts of regional geography, and of the corresponding labors of human life.

If we study the geology of a district we must needs go all over it, and survey it. Yet we cannot understand London's clay, nor the far more ancient rocks of Manhattan, until we relate these to the geological whole of the region, and even the continent behind them. Studying the ways of men about us, we are, as I have shown, committed to look into the ways and doings of ancient Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome; yet to understand these great capitals, we have also in turn to base our thought upon their component elements. We cannot ignore the fifteen million human groupings which are known to the Universal Postal Union, as big enough to have names of their own, from hamlets and villages to towns and cities, small and great. And whether we look into New York or Old Rome, we see it as originally a village or a group of villages: and the ways of working, living, thinking of these villages are traceable in the great modern cities which have too much forgotten them. But your archaeologists and anthropologists, historians too, rejoice over each fresh discovery of such primitive survivals, and point out their bearings. So we city planners nowadays look at even the vastest of cities as developments.

This type of evolutionary inquiry is but common sense. You would be the first to tell me, as a visitor to America, that if I am to understand the Atlantic seaboard I must obviously not be content with seeing modern New York, but also go through New England. And more, you would tell me I should find the true, the fundamental, New England not in Twentieth Century Boston, which is so much submerged by new populations, nor even in the great university town beside it; you would send me to look for it in old farmhouses, in old villages, in country towns I may scarcely have heard of: and this you would advise me to do, since these more plainly even than State Street or Back Bay, disclose the developmental process through which this whole great modern region and its cities have arisen, and by which they are also being changed; often far more, and faster than their townsfolk realize, or their authorities either.

Just as every inquiry into the present leads us into the past, so every study of city and town thus leads us back to the villages. The "England" which Americans mostly visit is South-east England; and in that, London, with excursions to Oxford and Cambridge for choice. But from London, go into rural Essex; from Oxford over to Campden; from Cambridge go into the Fens: then you will better understand all three. These and excursions further afield will show you, that the English regions are none of them of one type or mind with the London area, influential,

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composite, and varied in itself though that be. You need to look into the ways of each particular people. In my own little Scotland, for example, you will find, to begin with, Sir Walter Scott's "four kinds of Scotsmen—the men of the border, the people of the West, the gentlemen of the North (the Highlands), and the folk o'Fife"—and you will further forthwith find these differentiated exceedingly alike in the flesh and in the spirit.

So again in Ireland—so obviously not of one type or mind, but many: and in America you have good reasons to know these, at once spreading their living tendrils through the American past, and also its active present; as from Tammany's leaders, with its qualities and defects, (those largely of the old Irish clans) to some of your greatest presidents, whose names, like Grant, McKinley, Woodrow Wilson and more, are characteristically Scotch-Irish, from Ulster. To understand that little region of Ulster, therefore, (and even the sub-regions these men's forebears came from) becomes not unimportant for the historic understanding of vast America. Thus again, take familiar figures in recent intellectual history—say William James; or in contemporary life—say John Nolen, my town-planning colleague in Dublin. I have had few more characteristic Irishmen among my friends than these. And who is our Bernard Shaw, who seems a unique figure to London? The very type of the Celtic satirist, of whom Robert Burns was but our most notable Scottish example.

India, for example, is too commonly thought of in Europe, and still more in America, as if it were fairly homogeneous, at least as broadly unified as China and Japan. But India is not a "country," nor a "nation": it is practically a continent in itself. Thus it has well over two hundred distinct languages, not to speak of dialects beyond number; and not only the most varied range of culture and civilization, of religions, philosophies and arts, which any great world-region can show, but all these developed by varied and contrasted races and types throughout a still unmeasured past—a complexity which no mere "nation" can rival. Indeed after a life largely of travel, of which the last ten years have mostly been in India, I may safely claim that its history and sociology are comparable, in variety and intricacy, to that of Europe and its two daughter-Americas put together—if not surpassing these, had we but equivalent records. There are in India far more historic monuments, and these more varied too.

Just as our modern surveys—of stars, of rocks and seas, of floras and faunas, of peoples and languages—have all long been working their way toward completeness, so we must inquire not only into the doings of men as generalized into the great states, or important there as individuals; but also, and thus fundamentally, we have to base our studies on the regional *place*, the *work* that goes on it, and the *folk* that inhabit it, for their regional and rural occupations have conditioned all our societies; and they are doing this still, far more fundamentally than we recognize. Every man's origins are thus worth inquiring into, not simply Abraham Lincoln's, though his are illuminating.

III.

IT is natural to ask—(but a little perplexing to answer)—How is any adequate conception of civic development in these larger aspects, to be laid before a body of citizens, so that the promise of knowledges and of powers which it holds out presents itself to their minds as a possibility, even as a hope? In Edinburgh with my Tower and kindred undertakings, the result after a generation is still but small. So in London, as at Chelsea with Crosby Hall on More's Garden, we had our "succès d'estime," but no popular interest nor even civic contact to speak of. Le Play House (the Tower's younger sister), has still a struggle. Town planning reports have but a limited appeal in Britain; and even if not awakening opposition from alarmed interests, they are apt to be postponed and pigeon-holed. At great Exhibitions, such as that of the British Empire at Wembley last summer, all such modest contributions are drowned for the public, amid their general blur of impressions, so much of shop-fronts and advertisements, of side-shows beyond all. At Paris in 1900, however, with the Rue des Nations, we did stir some public interest, as also in Ghent (1913), but it is perhaps better on the whole to keep our civic and town planning exhibitions distinct from the world's expositions, and for quieter years. My own Exhibition of that kind, in its many wanderings has thus not been without effect, especially in Dublin (but not in Belfast, as too absorbed by politics); as also in London and Edinburgh. In Paris, as part of the *Exposition de la Cité Reconstituée* in 1916—a characteristically gallant French endeavor, with the enemy still so near—some impression was also made, as doubtless also in Jerusalem in 1920; and similarly between 1914 and the present year, in half a dozen Indian capitals. Yet only once have we really laid hold of the imagination of a whole community—of the population of an entire city and its surrounding villages: so the method employed in that case is worth briefly describing; since suggestive, and adaptable anywhere.

IV.

THE city in question was Indore, capital of the state of that name, in Central India: a fine old city, with no less than five colleges. It has some 70,000 to 80,000 people, and is well-situated on its plain at a junction of rivers; and thus with origins of sanctity, and later traditions of warlike princes; a city of some wealth, headed by one of the greatest financiers of India, and with substantial and growing cotton manufactures, as well as the quiet prosperity of a fairly fertile region around. But alas, a city peculiarly decimated by plague, and depressed by malaria; in fact to the worst degree I have found or heard of in India, and thus with the shortest expectation of life. This was calculated as low as 18.6 years; while the average of India rises to about 30, and that of Britain to about 50. Evidently then Indore was a place needing a careful survey, and correspondingly thorough improvement; and for a good part of 1917-18 I was busily employed there.

The townspeople, however, were not merely apathetic. They were vaguely alarmed. To see a European prowling into every lane and corner, and marking his plan, always provokes fears of demolitions among Indian householders, who vaguely gossip of what new roads or railroads this uncanny engineer may be scheming. But here matters were worse: people pointed and talked with more than usual dread.

I asked my Indian assistant to tell me what they were saying.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!"

"Pray tell me!"

No answer.

"My dear fellow, I insist; please translate!"

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"Well, if you must have it, sir, they are saying, 'That's the old Sahib that brings the plague'!"

That afternoon was fixed for a consultation with the Home-minister and the Mayor, each as progressive as could be desired, but also sensing the public opposition. Despite our powers from the Maharaja, we felt depressed, not seeing how to diffuse a cordial understanding among the people, toward the large clean-up and clearing-up we were out for. Then, however, came a happy inspiration.

"Make me Maharaja for a day!" I cried.

"What do you mean?" asked the Minister.

I explained; (and not without reference to precedents, such as Sancho Panza, and Christopher Sly). One main business of a prince is to be magnificent, and thus to head and express the ideals of his people. The Maharaja of Indore has two great processions yearly, one for his Hindu subjects, and another for the Moslems; and each with its appropriate sacred time, route and pageantry. Now, to arouse all alike to cleanliness, and good works complemental to such renewal and godliness, a civic pageant, a town-planning procession might be the very thing. "Not a bad idea," said the Minister, "I'll go and ask His Highness." Which he did, soon returning with good-humored assent.

So now to planning and preparations. We bruited it widely abroad that on next "Diwali" day a new type of pageant would be given; and that instead of following either customary sacred route, it would take a new one—through those streets the houses of which should be judged by us as best done up for the occasion. Diwali, it must be understood, is a holiday more important than can be any of ours, for it represents four or five great days in one. It is the day kept as Harvest Home; it commemorates Rama's slaying of a terrible giant; it is also the New Year's day of a very ancient and sacred calendar; and, for our purposes most appropriate of all, it is the signal for that strange and terrible domestic cataclysm, that annual insurrection of the women, from which all men can but flee, and which is as well known in West as East—here as "spring-cleaning"!

The mayor, an able Brahmin doctor, threw himself into the scheme with twofold ardor, administrative on one side, sanitary on the other. Together we went on a round of calls to wellnigh all the temples and mosques of the city, we told each priest and mollah how much not only we, but the Maharaja, appreciated his good influence among the people: and we asked him if there were any little thing we could do to improve matters around his sacred building. So we pleased each good man as far as might be, after his bent, we swept away the rubbish about his sacred place; we mended the road outside and the pavements around; we whitewashed and color-washed, planted trees and so on We asked him forthwith to explain to his flock that we had done this not only to show him and them our respect and goodwill, but also to suggest that they now do the like for themselves, in and around their own homes, while we would help as far as might be. Then too we advertised the removal of rubbish from homes and courtyards without charge; and soon had a big squad of carters busy. In our six weeks of preparation we took out some 6,000 loads of rubbish, with much inconvenience to the rats formerly housed therein These we now trapped more easily with corresponding gain to my proposed river embankment. An increasing number of householders also began to do up their homes; and not only with color, but sometimes with the gay old-fashioned paintings of mythological scenes, or hunting, which so often brighten an Indian porch, gable, or even house-front, but in these days is becoming a too much neglected art.

V.

THEN on the great day came forth our Pageant, with streets athrong with villagers from far and near. First the procession of the State—music, cavalry, camelry and elephant-

Ben Kutcher has given free and delightful

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ry, as well as infantry and artillery: and after these a chosen series of beautiful led horses, richly caparisoned, from the Maharaja's vast stables; and one more marvelous still, in golden trappings of which none had seen the like, lent by the great banker.

Then the procession of Harvest. First of all the Sun-god: a magnificent young fellow—yellow-robed in a golden chariot lent by the Maharaja, and with a radiant sun-symbol held aloft. Then the car of Rain—a fine tall young athlete picked from among the water-carriers, nude save for waist-cloth, and tossing water from his huge skin-bag high into the air—a living fountain on the move, better than any bronze monument could be; and with the rain thus falling on and about him, upon long fringes of sprouting corn from a range of low boxes which encompassed the car.

These two main conditions of growth thus clearly satisfied, there came naturally next the Harvest-car, a mountainous dray of millet-sheaves, with their long loose grassy heads. And since Ganesha, the kindly elephant-god, has harvest origins, he was first represented here in the old way of village fun, by a man with big winnowing-baskets on each side to represent the elephant's ears, and the base of a sheaf tied over, for his huge head. Two long straws made his trunk, which he playfully brought down on all spectators within reach, and they received as his blessing. Then in the succeeding car, the developed temple-Ganesha, properly modelled. Next for the cotton-harvest, a big elephant laden with cotton-bags on either side, and these fluffed out to make him the broadest ever seen; and, in the silver howdah on his back, a group of merchants busily bargaining, doing "puja" to their books, or generously tossing out handfuls of gold and silver (paper) among the laughing crowd.

For the grand finale of such prosperous harvest, we obviously needed Lakshmi, the goddess of prosperity. No difficulty with her, as a fine young actor was pleased to take the part (for, as on the Elizabethan stage, youths still take the women's parts in India). So Lakshmi was splendidly robed in white satin, and ablaze with the theatre jewels; crowned, necklaced and braceleted, girdled and even skirted with their fire. A first difficulty was to find her the white elephant without which she cannot appear. Of these there were none nearer than the King of Siam's; and his are only pink! However, every Indian "mahout" is accustomed to paint, indeed illuminate, his elephant's forehead and trunk for every procession; so with a little persuasion we were able to give this mount two coats of whitewash, from trunk to tail—a snowy brilliance in the sunshine—a paragon of a white elephant, such as neither king nor goddess had ever ridden before.

But now, after all this gaiety of harvest, came a dismal change of scene and tone. Melancholy, wailing and discordant instruments; weird figures, as tigers, as demons, as diseases, the latter breaking jointed twigs, like bacilli, and casting them at the crowd. Types too of poverty and misery, as well as wretched disease-sufferers; and among and after these, sinister swordsmen, barbarous raiders, threatening with dagger or with lance; in short the ugly aspects of war. Next followed models of slum-dwellings, well-caricatured, with their crumbling walls, and staggering roofs, broken windows and general air of misery and dirt. Then the Giant of Rama's legend: but here presented as the giant of Dirt—a formidable figure some twelve feet high, splendidly attired in blue, yellow and scarlet satin, and with enormous long resplendent boots, yet all so daubed and torn and dishevelled as to be the very type of fallen magnificence. Then following him, the Rat of Plague, again made by clever and skilful craftsmen, full of the fun of it—a good six feet long, this rodent; and quivering all over with the rat-fleas which carry plague; (*Continued on page* 553)

agination in interpreting Professor Geddes' text

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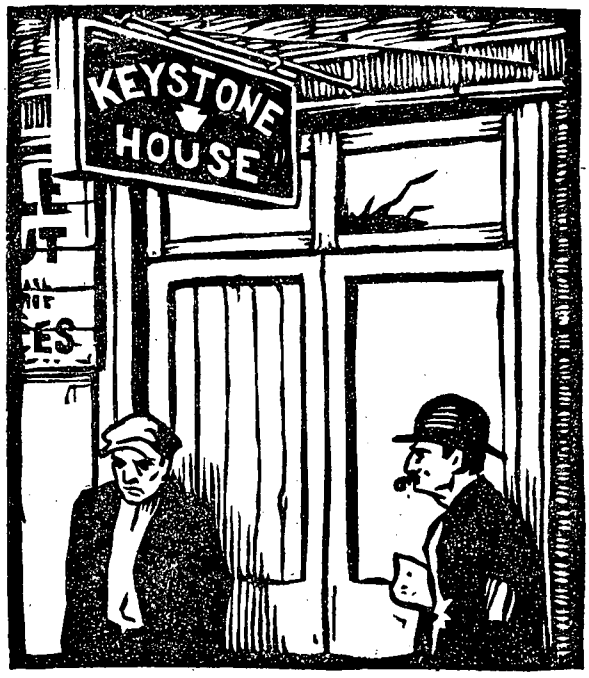
Night Lodgers

A Series of Linoleum Cuts from Life

By HENRY MOORE PICKEN

On a dingy side street in the manufacturing section of almost any industrial city the night lodging house is a familiar sight. The side street will be depressing and its ugliness a contrast to the busy main thoroughfare teeming with its perpetual tangle of trucks and street cars, shops and busy people. Such is the location of the Keystone pictured here. An ordinary night lodging house like this takes in sixty to seventy thousand men a year and in the more progressive cities these establishments are now carefully regulated by the municipal authorities. Thousands of citizens know no other home.

Charlie is the night watchman at the Keystone and the cat is his particular friend. At night he is also the host who shows strangers and transients to their beds. When not busy he sits dozing in the office with the comfortably purring cat on his lap.



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In the reading room some men read, others doze and some just sit, sometimes smoking and sometimes not. They come from almost every walk of life. There are college graduates, actors, lawyers—all sorts. Nearly all of them do some kind of work to earn a living. Seven out of every ten have left their families. Some have taken to drink and have been turned out; sometimes their wives drink and have ruined their homes, and sometimes they just can't get along with each other—just like other people. They come in the late afternoon and early evening but at a surprisingly early hour the crowd thins out and they go to their beds.

The dormitories are on the upper floors. One of the large rooms accommodates a hundred and fifty iron cots and lockers, arranged in four long rows with aisles between. The red lights at the exits and a few deep green drop-lights hanging from the ceiling shed a dim, uncertain glow on the queer, huddled masses on each little bed. Now and again one or two restless spirits suddenly raise themselves on their elbows and stare about them in a bewildered, frightened manner.

F. A. W.

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A Week in West Virginia

By McALISTER COLEMAN

SATURDAY. Percy Tetlow, who took over the presidency of District 17, United Mine Workers of America, when the old administration petitioned the International Union to carry on the organizing work in West Virginia last summer is a lean man, quiet spoken, with a good business head on his shoulders and an air of convincing authority about him. I found him in the little two-story building that houses the union headquarters just around from the postoffice at Charleston. I told him that I had been sent down by a joint committee of the League for Industrial Democracy and the American Civil Liberties Union to look into the need for relief for his striking miners and find out how it went with civil liberties in West Virginia. He smiled slightly when I mentioned "civil liberties." When you have seen the local papers whose silence in regard to the industrial warfare that is raging on their doorsteps fairly thunders, when you hear of some of the things that happen to union organizers when they attempt to invade non-union fields, when you note the complete indifference of social and charitable agencies to the continuous abuse of constitutional rights and the consequent suffering among the families of evicted miners, you can't blame Tetlow for smiling.

Will C. Thompson, secretary-treasurer of the district, fairly explode with rage when you mention "civil liberties?" "Civil liberties in West Virginia! There ain't no such animal." That is expressive of the union attitude. The leaders have frankly given up all hope of presenting their case to the public through the medium of the local press. Organizers who leave headquarters for non-union fields jest grimly about the probable fate that awaits them at the hands of deputy sheriffs. They tell you that it is as much as your life is worth to go into Logan, Mingo or McDowell counties where Sheriff Don Chafin's interdict against public meetings still holds good.

Union officials tell you that they are providing relief to twenty thousand persons, evicted miners and their families. They are sending to the heads of local relief committees rations enough for bare existence and shelter in the shape of tents and lean-to's. In some instances they have been doing this for almost three years, for you must understand that strikes and lock-outs in the West Virginia coal-fields are overlapping. Some of the union men whose operators would not sign the contracts called for by the 1922 agreement are living out on windswept hills side by side with those who would not go back to work at a 38 per cent reduction last April and still others who joined the union when an organizing campaign got under way last November.

In all about 22,000 union miners are idle in West Virginia today, while some 50,000 to 60,000 non-union men are at work. In some instances operators are selling their coal at cost or less in order to keep their mines open. In other instances production and demand are normal. Much of this non-union coal comes up from below the Ohio River through unionized territory to the north where it undersells coal mined under union conditions. Unemployment is rife in the central competitive fields, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Union operators who pay $7.50 a day for day men cannot compete with a scale of $3.50 or less. If organization work in West Virginia is checked, if the men are driven back to work at the 1918 scale, the future of the United Mine Workers, the strongest unit of organized labor in the country, is menaced.

That is why union headquarters at Charleston is being watched by organized labor the country over. That is why the International Union is pouring thousands of dollars every month into relief work in West Virginia. Labor's fighting front in America today lies along the Kanawha Valley, in the camps on Cabin and Kelly Creek and on the mountain-sides beyond Charleston where every day recruits are taking the union obligation and being promptly evicted from the company houses. Up and down the swollen creek-beds, trucks bearing tents and rations from headquarters race to provide food and shelter for these new converts to unionism. If they will stand fast in the valley as their fellow-workers to the north are standing, then the dangerous and difficult task of organizing Logan and the other non-union territories can be undertaken from a strategic base. "Go to Eskdale on Cabin Creek tomorrow," advises a union organizers, "there'll be a parade and some talking and you can see what kind of folks are joining up."

Under this colorful narrative lie the outlines of the long-drawn struggle in the West Virginia coal-fields. The issues involved have been discussed in the press for the last ten years; they have been the subject of private and public inquiry. Yet the scenes described are a hang-over which not one American in a hundred knows anything about. Mr. Coleman, a New York newspaperman of experience, has at various times been identified with the United Mine Workers. He was sent to West Virginia by the League for Industrial Democracy and the American Civil Liberties Union. He writes not as a detached observer, but as a man who cares, and at a time of all but universal indifference The Survey welcomes the opportunity to give him a hearing.

SUNDAY. Through long experience on these roads the automobile that takes you from Cabin Creek Junction up to Eskdale has acquired invaluable motor-boat characteristics. For a third of the way at least, road-bed and creek-bed merge in a boiling yellow torrent whipped up by the steady down-pour of rain, so that the front wheels throw off waves that would do credit to a racing craft.

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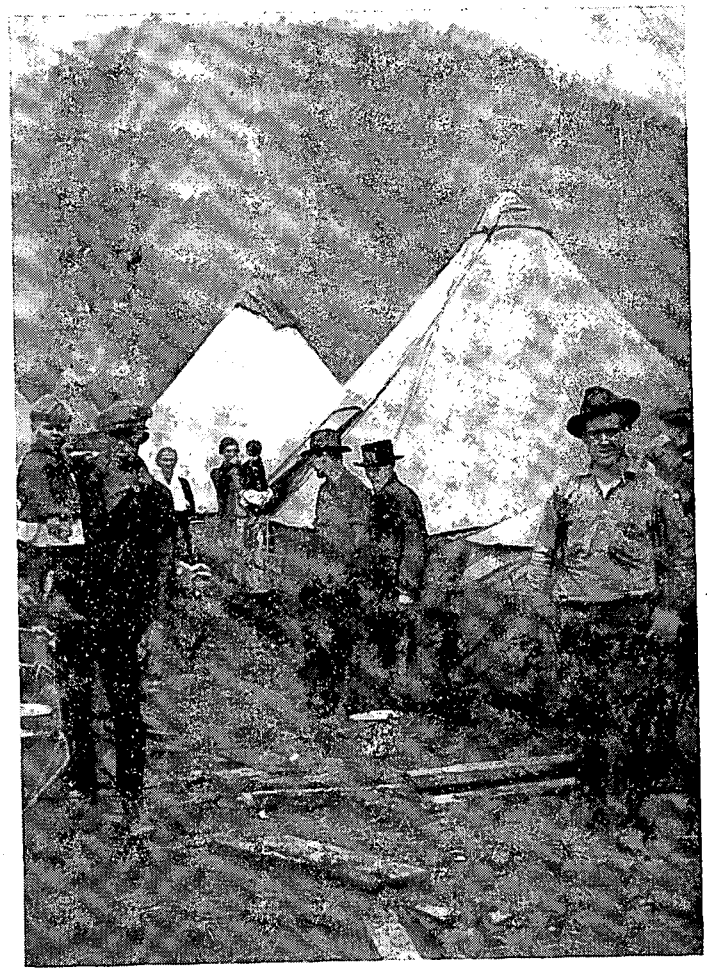
At Eskdale, miners huddled under the eaves of the little store tell you that a parade of union men is coming down from Dakota six miles up the valley. You drive on to meet the marchers and presently hear the notes of a French horn gargling through the downpour, "It ain't going to rain no moh."

Lanky, broad-shouldered men in hip-boots are slipping and sliding along the road. Ahead is a huge man with an American flag furled limply around a six-foot pole. Back of him comes the man with the horn. He stops to unload cups-ful of water from the instrument and then continues his musical weather predictions. Then come men with rain-soaked signs stuck on poles, "We don't like the American plan." "We won't work at a 38 per cent wage cut."

On past the homes of non-union workers swings the little parade. The hills that hang sheer above the road echo the notes of the horn. Men shuffle curiously to the front porches of the company houses and survey the marchers with inscrutable eyes. An Italian cups his mouth and shouts with full-lunged enthusiasm, "Meeting today at Eskdale. All come. Good speaking. Black and white speakers."

Six miles down to Eskdale through the rain and six miles back after standing in an abandoned store and listening to the speeches of the organizers from Charleston. Outside the store a knot of union men are talking to a colored coal-digger who has been brought all the way from Point Pleasant by the company to work non-union. He had been assured that there is no strike in this region. Now he wants very much indeed to go back where he came from. He ain't going to work on no scab job, nohow. A battered felt hat is passed and enough small coins garnered to pay the man's carfare back to Point Pleasant. He departs, grinning with relief. Four or five white miners, come over to the meeting from the company houses, consult earnestly with the local union secretary, accompany him to his tent and are given the union obligation then and there. In a few days they too will be out in tents, but they tell you that they are being paid in script and haven't seen any real money for months.



Tent Colony at Crown Hill, West Virginia

"I was supposed to get $60 last pay," says one of them, "and all I got was $11 in cash. The rest went to the company store, the company doctor and for 'personal protection.' That means to pay these dicks that the company hires to keep out union organizers."

A deep purple darkness has settled down as the homeward bound parade is organized. Off they go with the ironic horn still optimistic. Every Sunday you can see just such parades marching and counter-marching all through the valley. The rank and file love them and the leaders realize very well their enormous psychological value.

Union families at Crown Hill, West Virginia

MONDAY. At six this morning a crash of broken glass and the whistle of a million fiends. Rain is whooping in through the smashed window of the hotel at Charleston. On the streets men are bending to the force of the storm. You get union headquarters on the phone.

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An evicted miner in the rain

"They wouldn't evict anyone in weather like this would they?"

"Just the weather they like best. We're sending a truck-load of tents up to Mammoth this morning. Want to go along?"

No matter what your economic opinions, Mammoth makes you mad. Deputy sheriffs armed with eviction notices and revolvers have been "setting out" union miners and their families since dawn. Women and little children are wandering about in the mud seeking any sort of shelter. The men are trying to erect tents in the teeth of the gale. Wagons piled high with household goods slew about so that every now and then something precious to someone is knocked off into the creek, a child's toy, a phonograph, an elaborately framed crayon. Over here next to the plot of ground owned by the union is the little Baptist church where the smallest children are being tucked away in cribs hastily constructed out of pews and mattresses. Some of the women are making dinner on a cook-stove brought in from the wet. Others are quieting the frightened youngsters. Seventy-year-old Will Woodsum, who went to work at the face of the coal when he was ten years old and who was born within stone's throw of the Canadian army tent that has been assigned him by the union organizer, tells you that neither he nor his sons will ever go back to work at the 1918 scale. "Our women wouldn't ever speak to us if we did," says he with a grin. Everything that he has accumulated in the course of a long life is piled in the middle of the 14x8 foot tent. Through a bullet-hole in the side, shot into the tent by German machine gunners during the war, a trickle of rain is making a pool atop the Woodsum bureau. He stops the leak and shows you with pride the lines of the piece which he made himself.

Of course, it is all perfectly legal. These coal-diggers have paid no rent since they joined the union and quit work and the companies have clear title to the possession of their own houses. And it is obvious that evictions in such weather might be calculated to break the most rebellious spirits.

TUESDAY. In the Supreme Court at Charleston they are wrangling over prohibiting the injunction which Attorney General England obtained last November against Don Chafin, sheriff of Logan, the County Court of Logan and each member thereof, about two hundred deputy sheriffs and a number of coal companies. The object of the injunction is to prevent the appointment and service of deputy sheriffs as private mine guards and to restrain the coal companies from paying them and Chafin "large sums of money for their appointment." [See The Survey, Dec. 15, 1924, p. 325.]

When the Attorney General is through, his young assistant makes an eloquent plea for the upholding of constitutional liberties. The coal companies' attorneys bring technical arguments against upholding the injunction and say that if the deputies are withdrawn there will be another "armed march" of the miners against Logan. The justices reserve decision, but listen with interest to these arguments not often heard in West Virginia courts. Behind the scenes political forces are moving. At the last election Attorney General England was warned not to come to Logan, his birthplace, to speak for the Republican ticket. He didn't. His law partner ran on the Republican ticket against Don Chafin's nominee for county prosecutor and is now contesting the election. Citizens of Logan have long petitioned state authorities to do something to curb the Don's power and slowly the machinery is coming into action. All this is to the union's good. It looks as though the union-baiting sheriff were finally on the run.

WEDNESDAY. Logan, a town of electrically-lighted, paved streets with modern stores, churches, some pretentious apartment-houses and a court-house and jail, lies at the bottom of a pocket between coal-fat hills. On the train coming down from Huntington all strangers are closely scrutinized by slant-eyed detectives on the lookout for union organizers. At the hotel, curious heads bob over your shoulder as you register. When you go out after supper you are closely attended.

Apparently Logan is becoming mystic. Two mind-readers have rival acts at the motion-picture houses. They hypnotize or feign to hypnotize the local yokelry, whose antics on the stage delight the audience. Then they answer questions; "Is my husband going with another girl?" "Who stole my ring?" "How can I get a fellow who has been keeping company with me?" Next week a renowned evangelist will be here to exhort the non-union workers to contentment and warn them against the devices of outside agitators. With your faithful attendants some paces in the rear, you return to your hotel and go straight to your room, carefully shoving the bureau against the door before going to bed.

THURSDAY. Here are the non-union camps, frequently held up as model by writers for the operators' press. Certainly the houses are as good as any I have seen in union fields. They have little garden plots about them and seem well-built. Furthermore there has been some attempt at starting community life, dance-halls and even a tennis-court. Also the company stores are attractive. Physically, every prospect pleases. It's when you come across a guard with a Winchester at his knee sunning himself in front of one of these stores; it's when you make a hasty comparison of the prices charged (*Continued on page* 557)

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The Fortuitous Present

By JOSEPH K. HART

THE development of an experimental mood in American politics was indicated last November, when more than 4,000,000 voters recorded themselves outside current party affiliations; and not a few students of political trends declared that, had the election been held six or eight weeks earlier, this insurgent vote might have run up to 6,000,000. That is to say, probably some 2,000,000 additional voters were "trembling on the brink of action."

At the other extreme we find, however, in favorable conjunction with the great body of the electorate, those who have been frightened by this "specter" of millions of political footloose individuals, and who are greatly concerned with the task of stopping the movement. Some careful souls among them can do nothing but scold about it and use question-begging epithets. One positive but not very plausible suggestion has been made by James M. Beck, solicitor general of the State Department. In an address before the Pennsylvania Society, in December last, he urged that the Supreme Court, which he thought the main object of attack of this insurgent movement, should make itself more obviously a part of the law-making power of the federal government, by undertaking to pass upon the constitutionality of legislative proposals before their enactment into law. He thought that the court, while not relinquishing its curb on popular government, would make itself less unpopular by drawing rein more quickly, and thus, by some mysterious process, allay a bit the discontent of the "masses" and assure their early return to the party fold—whether Republican or Democratic.

This experimental mood is not, however, confined to the field of politics. Industry, both on its mechanical side and in terms of its human relationships; both in the counsels of the managers and in the ranks of the workers, is feeling it more and more every year. Religion, in many of the "communions," is engaged in a more or less vital struggle as between the experimentalists and the traditionalists. The inseparable family tie, whether we care to admit it or not, is being subjected to an increasing volume of criticism, and the marriage relationship has become, for very large numbers, intentionally an experimental matter. Even in education there is some evidence of this same experimental mood, on a small scale, and mostly in the elementary schools. Not much of it may be found in the official processes of the secondary schools, the colleges or universities; although as result the students seem to be inaugurating their own experiments with life outside the curriculum.

Through all these disturbed areas runs an enlarging contour of suspicion that many, perhaps even most, of our traditional forms of social organization, in group and community life, had their beginnings in fortuitous circumstances; and that even those social relationships which can be traced to some definite historical point of origin were not set up by the deliberative intelligence of all who were concerned, but were always the expression of some dominant or ambitious group, and were, not infrequently, "put over" by some sort of "strong arm" tactics, and then were accepted and enforced by some traditional institution which served as the supreme court of a caste or epoch. Hence, these critics hold that the most that can be said for all such traditional and fortuitous relationships is that, under their guidance and regimentation, those individuals and groups who have survived have survived; with the result that most who have thus survived and prospered tend to believe quite religiously in the conditions that favored, or at least, permitted their survival; they tend, quite naturally, to identify those conditions with what we may call "permanent reality"; and they think of themselves, not as those who have survived under certain selectively favorable conditions, but as those who have exactly fitted the ultimate conditions of existence and who are, therefore, The Ultimate Fit. Hence, it seems almost blasphemous to them to have their Ultimate Fitness doubted, or the Finality of the Social Institutions that fit their Fitness called in question. So a native breed of wheat or of apples might have scorn for the innovating varieties which have outstripped them.

All our social institutions, the state, the church, business and industry, the home, the school, are still officially and quite naturally of the ancient glacial drift of custom. But the experimental mood is not unknown within each of them, and each is, in greater or less degree, officially upon the defensive. Hence in each of these great institutional areas we have the somewhat diverting spectacle of two groups fighting each other all over the place, whilst the larger, drifting mass in each of them—a somewhat blear-eyed and sleepy giant—now and then rouses itself slightly and inquires, timidly: "I say, you fellows, what's all the infernal row about, anyhow?"

QUESTIONING and criticizing will go on, however, even though these should be declared *lese majestas* or treason. To be sure, the masses of mankind will continue more or less immune from all these questionings: the glacial drift of age-long custom will continue—and it will hold people, however, some of them may imagine themselves to be free. But over against this drift, the cross-fire of two main lines of criticism is to be discerned. On the one hand, we have a more or less thorough-going, reconstructive analysis of the traditional forms of our living, their origins and their values; on the other, what we may call a counter-apologetic. Each of

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these may be regarded as, on the whole, disinterested and sincere—with some reservations. Each has some understanding of the other—though this is not always obvious. Each claims some credit from the other. At times, the parts shift and each is mistaken for the other—though not for long.

The counter-apologetic critic has undertaken to defend the existent social order, and is calling to his service whatever sciences and arts are willing to enlist, or can be made to serve. Tradition is, itself, a great conscriptor, promising everything, anything, and seducing the minds of men with hopes and fears, and without mercy. It has much of human reality within it, too, of course; and now and then, it finds reality in something modern. But for the most part, with the help of certain sciences and pseudo-sciences, a considerable case can be made out for "things as they are—with occasional tinkerings." Many economists want nothing better than to take the existent industrial order as their client; historians can find plenty of reasons why we should let well enough alone. Some sociologists have no difficulty in justifying the ways of tradition to men. The bulk of religionists are solidly behind these movements. And most moralists shake their gloomy heads in the general direction of the reconstructive critics and mutter: "The gobeluns 'll git ye ef ye don't watch out!"

But the reconstructive critics have accepted the experimental mood as their attitude toward life and the world, and critical inquiry as their most effective tool. That is to say, some of them have done so. The fact is that these critics range all the way from those few who are disinterestedly trying to understand before they reconstruct, to the many who are bent on reconstructing something whether they understand it or not; who say, with the so-called "god-sakers" of England: "We have no time to waste in study or discussion—for God's sake, let's do something!"

If, however, we may pass by—with a wave of the hand—the most dogmatic of these and consider the more intelligent of them, we shall find the beginnings, at least, of a program of critical science gradually penetrating the domain of social organization. Science must not here be defined primarily as knowledge, nor as systematic knowledge, nor even as verified knowledge. Knowledge tends too easily to become dogmatic, and dogmatism is the one thing the reconstructive critic is trying to avoid. For him science means inquiry into every unilluminated area of the world, using not the "lamp of the past," but the light of hypothesis to illuminate dark corners. This is a daring proposal, of course, but it is not without support. Some historians have found that the method has not been unknown in the past. A few economists have escaped from subordination to economic theory and have become inquirers in the land of realities. Most of the sociologists, since sociology is still comparatively youthful, incline to this attitude. A few religionists hold that "revelation is not a sealed book." And now and then, a moralist finds out that moral relationships insist upon squaring themselves within the conditions of time, place and culture level of a people.

All our social institutions, the state, the church, business and industry, the home, the school, are still officially and quite naturally of the ancient glacial drift of custom. But, as we have already seen, the experimental mood is not unknown within each of them, and each is, in greater or less degree, officially upon the defensive. Hence, in each of these great institutional areas, we have the somewhat diverting spectacle of two groups fighting each other all over the place, whilst the larger, drifting mass in each of them—a somewhat blear-eyed and sleepy giant—now and then rouses itself, slightly, and inquires, timidly: "I say, you fellows, what's all the infernal row about, anyhow? Enough disinterested spectators sit on the bleachers, regularly, to keep the show going.

Any forecast as to the outcome of this conflict must depend upon the answer to the question: "Is human nature capable of escaping from and living above 'the drift' or is it inevitably and permanently committed to 'the drift'?" Now it must be obvious that any answer, or answers, to this question, must take nature and human nature especially into account; they must be supplied, eventually, by the "sciences of human nature." Two preliminary answers are being offered—by two current "sciences of human nature"—psychology and psychiatry. These two preliminary answers offer an instructive example of that "shifting of the parts," suggested previously, and they should make us wary of our besetting dogmatisms, even our most prized ones. (It should be said that these answers appear in the literatures of these sciences; but it is not here assumed that any one psychologist or psychiatrist would accept these statements as wholly his own.)

CONSIDER psychology first. Psychology began in ancient religious mysticism. It was concerned with Psyche, the Soul, and it held that concern intact for ages. But within the past century, beginning to probe under the surface of experience, it presently found, or thought that it found, that it could dispense with the Soul. Since then it has been dispensing with other once prized possessions of the mystics, until—as Professor J. McKeen Cattell is never tired of telling us—psychology, having some thirty years ago lost its soul, undertook, some twenty years ago to lose consciousness and, within the past decade, with the help of the behaviorists, it has come pretty near to losing its mind. What then remains? Nothing but the "mechanisms of behavior" and those discrete atoms of experience which can be discriminated, counted, measured and set forth in tables of statistics and in graphs. "Nothing is real that cannot be measured and counted." That is to say, psychology, having begun in meditations upon the soul, has become as nearly as possible a branch of mathematical physics. What, then, has such a psychology to offer in the way of help to human nature, whether in "the drift," or in an effort to escape from "the drift"?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us consider psychiatry. This growing science had its origins in the needs of the physician and surgeon. The physician's approach had been from the fields of physiology, neurology and pathology—all sciences of bodily structures and functions. On the basis of these "gross" sciences, working with sick human bodies, he learned, slowly and against all his wishes, that there are times when the "human mechanism" fails to respond to mechanistic techniques. Realistically, he attempted to find out what this meant. He found, first, that human beings have "likes and dislikes" of the most irrational, that is, non-mechanistic sorts. He found "loves and hates," "hopes and despairs," "interests and ideals," and an ever-widening array of curious manifestations that, at times, supplemented his mechanistic techniques, at other

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times thwarted them altogether. Against his will almost, he became more than doctor of medicine; he became a psychiatrist—and began to admit the existence in some people, at least, of something that some memory, atavistic, perhaps, prompted him to call "personality." And lo, we were back where we started: Psychology had lost its soul—but psychiatry had found it!

Does this "shifting of the parts" mean that psychiatry is less scientific than psychology? Does it not rather mean that it is far more scientific? Modern psychology has approached its task almost exclusively from the disadvantage of the academic atmosphere. Hence, it seems to hold, in true academic spirit, that nature, including human nature, is not "scientific," by *nature,* but must be made "scientific" by *science.* That is to say, nature must be set in order: it must be reduced to ultimate mechanism and discrete items which can be measured, weighed or counted, as the case may require, arranged in tables or charted in graphs, made into percentages of some agreed total and assigned to a fixed place in some scientifically ultimate series. "Science" is thus opposed to "nature": it becomes identical with the mechanistic—and, of course, a machine has neither soul, nor consciousness, nor mind! Hence, psychology is well advised in getting rid of those ancient cumbrous mysteries.

Psychiatry, on the other hand, having come up out of the search for health, conceives of health as something "natural," which, in fact, "nature" usually contrives to secure in spite of the efforts and meddlings of "scientists." Psychiatry, therefore, has some doubt as to the superiority of "science" to "nature," or the desirability of outlawing "nature" in order to enthrone "science." The psychiatrist is inclined rather to believe that the real business of "science" is to help living to become "more natural"—on new levels of "nature," to be sure, but "nature" none the less. Nature, at least in her romantic moods, offers a more entertaining world than does science with its "absolutely predictable mechanisms." And though psychology frowns upon entertainment as "anthropomorphic," psychiatry seems inclined to argue that human life cannot well get on without it. Who shall arbitrate: nature or science?

Psychology's answer to our earlier question would seem, therefore, to be that human nature should escape from "the drift"—but not into any such will-o'-the-wisp quagmire as "the experimental mood." Rather, human nature is probably quite effectively expressed in the present social order, but it does need one further development. It needs to be completely set in order. It needs to be reduced to its ultimate mechanisms and to those discrete items of existence which can be measured, weighed or counted as the case may require, arranged in tables or charted in graphs, calculated in percentages of some agreed total and assigned to fixed places in some ultimate series. Human nature when thus it has been scientifically reconstructed can be "controlled," (and "control" is the avowed aim of all "science"). Thus will be secured the data desired by schools which are dominated by modern types of psychology. These better schools will turn out graduates who will be more readily handled by the personnel divisions of business and industry. Such "scientific individuals" would be welcomed by the leaders of our civic life and our political parties. Marriages could be arranged for them with mathematical precision. Homes could be made completely efficient. Recreation could be regulated to secure "scientific joy." Moral relationships could be computed by logarithms. And even that salvation which is traditionally "free" could be measured out by the churches in amounts that would just perform the trick, without skimping and yet without waste. It's a noble vision: the details of it can be found in the literatures.

Psychiatry's answer, on the other hand, would seem to be that human nature must be rescued from the drift to the extent that will make possible the development of health in all our social relationships. The ultimate values of life inhere, not in the rule of a standard behavior, but in the integrity—physical, intellectual, emotional and moral—of the individual human being, as he lives and moves in his physical and social environment—what Dr. Adolf Meyer, from the still broader base of psychobiology, envisages as the entire personality. Hence, whatever else may or may not be done by any real science, the integrity of the individual must be ever kept in view, and his ultimate fulfillment must be secured at whatever cost to institutions. This is not a condition to be achieved once for all, but a matter of continual growth. If under any existent environmental condition, that integrity is obstructed, invaded or threatened, the scientist must consider as nearly as possible what Dr. Elton Mayo calls "the total situation"—the individual, the environment, and the two as one; in order that methods may be worked out—not for "standardizing" the individual to those conditions, or vice versa, but for making that "total situation" expand to new contours, inclusive of new intelligence, and assuring new increments of health, mental, physical and emotional, both for the individual and for all the environment.

PHYSICAL, mental and moral health: health for the entire personality; health in the total situation! This is the ideal the psychiatrist would make real in that teacher-pupil relationship which is the central fact of the school, and which is so often disastrously unhealthy. But, if there is little of this real health in schools, if both manager and worker have been educated unhealthily, how can there be much health, on either side, in industry? Since neither education nor industry has, in its traditional forms, much understanding of or respect for this intimate health of personality, how shall politics and our whole civic life escape the sickly blights of repressed, suppressed and balked ambitions seeking release, escape, reward, revenge? And how shall such unrealized personalities avoid being victimized by their ephemeral desires and fancies in such crucial, intimate matters as the choosing of mates and the organization of homes? Moreover, how can morality be anything but obedience to the "rules of the game"? But most of all, with what eagerness will such sickly souls embrace the promises of the religionists that eternal riches and everlasting joys await those who will consent to brighten the corner where they are! These problems, this condition, which the psychologist sees as inevitable—until he has learned how to "control" it—the psychiatrist sees as a traditional morass of human traits and human folkways and human ignorance and folly which needs to be drained and cleared and dealt with intelligently—with a view to bringing health into the total situation.

Objectors will here interpose the retort that not all psychologists are academicians, and not all psychiatrists are wise men. And the remark will be true. Some psychologists are tending slowly but surely toward the study of the living, human being, as he moves, more or less bewilder-

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edly, through the mazes of the world. The social psychologists are finding this to be their special task: to understand the nature of the individual whose vital roots are in the drifting mass, but whose active life is developing new civic, economic, marital and other moral and social relationships. Some so-called psychiatrists are finding it possible to deliver themselves of opinions that have the logical validity of the sophisms of the soap-box orator. For example, some of them are trying to make themselves believe that all nonconformists are neurotics, or perverts, or worse; and that all great human enthusiasms and achievements have always been emotional debauches or rationalizations of mechanistic results. It must be admitted that psychiatry has dealt itself some heavy blows within the past few years. And it must also be admitted that no one science, and no one group of scientists, and no one way of looking at the world monopolizes all the truth.

None the less, psychiatry will give us and a few psychiatrists a new outlook upon human living—an outlook not afforded by a previously existent science. The real psychiatrist sees the future as a great world problem—that of securing health in the total situation—of the individual and of the race, bit by bit. How this is to be done he is not yet prepared to say, except that it will require long and patient inquiries into the dark corners of individual and community life, and the use of many imaginative hypotheses for the illumination of those dark corners—the hypothesis that men have souls not being excluded, if it helps to bring health to the race. Psychiatry holds that it is men, not nature, that must become more scientific: men's minds must follow the golden clues of experience, and test out the promising hypotheses of the creative imagination and remake the world until the "total situation" within which experience is involved becomes fit for the residence of healthful and natural men, women and children.

There is no virtue in a "home" unless the relationships that make up its life are surcharged with this intimate healthfulness. Humanity cannot forever afford to support schools which, while they teach children the "tools of knowledge" make knowledge itself distasteful and life bitter to bear, or destroy the integrity of children's souls by denying in practice what they teach in words. Without work men probably cannot live, as the world goes; but some of the world's work, as now organized and conducted, is so disintegrative of every fibre of the moral being of both worker and manager as to make such work an offense in any intelligent community. Civic relationships we must have. "Man is by nature a political animal," said Aristotle. But a civic order that breeds criminals faster than it can cure them and new wars before it can pay for old ones is not an order that unreconstructed can long expect to retain the loyalties of minds and souls that seek health for themselves and their kind.

There is, then, a not unwholesome controversy today between psychology and psychiatry. The psychologist seems to accept the world of institutions and orders as it is, and to think of his own task as that of so understanding human beings that he can classify them for purposes of "control" and thus make possible the release of those "superior minds" who are to do the great work of the world. The psychiatrist, on the other hand, seems to think of the human individual as needing release from old suppressions and institutionalizations that now appear distinctly unnatural and therefore are conducive to unhealth. He is working for a real social order, not one on paper. That social order is deeply rooted in the fortuitous past, of course; but it will be always critical of that past, not for exploitative purposes, nor for temporary or partisan aims, but for the purposes of health: health of mind and body; health of the individual and the group; health of institutions and the community; health of the nation and the world. He knows that there can be no lasting health in any part of the whole as long as the whole, itself, is sick; nor can there be any real health of humanity as long as any part of it is permitted, or compelled, to be its scapegoat.

THE real psychiatrist is too much of an experimentalist and a rebel to be able to admit that other experimentalists and rebels are, and have always been without exception, neurotics, paranoiacs or perverts. He leaves to some varieties of psychoanalytic psychologists the pastime of showing that the great leaders of the past have been abnormal men and women. For himself, he can believe that Christopher Columbus was the sanest geographer in Europe in the Fifteenth Century. He is sure that Louis Pasteur was a wiser and a saner man than any of the members of the Academy who ridiculed him—solid and substantial citizens and conformers to the status quo of their profession though they were. He holds that new continents of social and intellectual and physical health lie still undiscovered before us and beyond our present horizons; that new methods of dealing with human natures will be found on those new continents.

The psychiatrist is working for a real social order, not one on paper. That social order is deeply rooted in the fortuitous past, of course; but it will be always critical of that past, not for temporary or partisan aims, but for the purpose of health: health of mind and body; health of the individual and the group; health of institutions and the community; health of the nations and the world. He knows that there can be no lasting health in any part of the whole as long as the whole, itself, is sick; nor can there be any real health of humanity as long as any part of it is permitted, or compelled, to be its scape-goat.

He has faith that those new methods will eventually give us homes and schools and industries and governments and churches and communities within which, and by means of which, the individual will achieve that intellectual reconstruction of his living and that emotional and social freedom which have been the hope of the experimentalist in all the ages, though never so greatly as at present.

He craves an understanding and a freedom that will enable the individual to live in society, to be civilized and still be moderately happy.

Of course, psychiatry alone cannot accomplish these results; but psychiatry, or the same thing under some other name, will have an essential share in securing them. They will come of the offorts of all the experimental movements in all the ranges and areas of human experience.

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Gompers: The Sources of His Power

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

TO induce the man who for two generations had been the head and front of the American trade union movement to set down the record of his unique career was difficult. Like Theodore Roosevelt, with whom he had much in common besides his strain of Dutch blood, he revelled in the power and opportunities of national leadership. He disliked self-analysis and introspection. The activities of his position were much more congenial to him than critical writing, except when the preparation of speeches or articles had a direct bearing on the strategy of those activities. He was accordingly slow to yield to the importunities of his friends in the matter of the autobiography, and when at length he did so, the resulting record though it spans the whole of his career, contains large gaps—tells hardly half the story. Yet it reveals as no other book has done the source not only of Samuel Gompers' power but also of the power and limitations of the organized labor movement in America. It is a contribution of major importance to the documentary history of American industrial society.

Says A. Lincoln Filene in his book, A Merchant's Horizon; "A thing visible only to a political seer in the nineteenth century is patent to all in the twentieth. Certainly the workingman is aware that this is his age." This unfolding awareness in the minds of workingmen of their preeminent role in the evolution of industrial society is a salient phenomenon of our epoch. Of the influences that have made possible this rise of the laboring masses none has been greater than the conquest by western civilization of an economic surplus. Hunger and democracy are incompatible. A starved people have neither capacity for nor interest in the slow, arduous problems of self-government; their harassed spirits crave the compensatory relief of revolutionary or utopian fantasies. The prospect of actual escape from the agelong terrors of recurrent famine and endemic want came with the opening up of the vast economic resources of America. To millions throughout the world, America means nothing so much as freedom from poverty—the opportunity to have a chicken in the pot not on Sundays only, but a chicken or its equivalent every day in the week. The full dinner pail! From overalls to white collars! A saving wage with a bank account! Business ideals are preeminently American ideals, free from old world philosophies, impatient of utopian theorizing, matter-of-fact, tough-fibred, realistic.

It was the genius of Samuel Gompers that, surrounded by revolutionary refugees and zealous utopian intellectuals, he grasped this central reality of turbulent American life, saw that it was good, clung to it with dogged persistence, and built the trade union movement upon it. When as a boy he came to these shores, he found embryonic American trade unionism in the midst of a cyclone of conflicting old world theories, uprooted again and again by the tempestuous passions of men who had just escaped from old world oppression, delirious with the vain imaginings of an impending millenium which blew a bubble such as that of the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor. What in his autobiography he refers to as one of his first literary productions to appear in print is a letter which as the youthful president of the New York local of the cigar makers union he sent to International Headquarters. "One of the main objects of our organization," he wrote, " is the elevation of the lowest paid worker to the standard of the highest, and in time we must secure for every person in the trade an existence worthy of human beings." Under his steadying influence, American trade unionism became business trade unionism, with its feet on the ground, aiming unromantically at an ever increasing share of the national income, increased leisure through the shortening of the working day, the stabilization and tightening control of the labor market. "My earliest official efforts," he wrote, "were concentrated in promoting stability of labor organizations. This had to be done by making the idea an inseparable part of the thought and habits of trade unionists, by establishing a business basis for unionism."

The significance of this clear perception of the strategy essential to harmonizing trade unionism with the dominant American impulse on the part of a youthful leader in the turbulent seventies and eighties will be brought home to the reader by a reexamination of the most famous study of the labor movement in the America of that time, The Labor Movement in America, by Richard T. Ely, then of Johns Hopkins, now of Wisconsin University. Published in 1886, the year when Samuel Gompers, after an effective declaration of war to extermination upon the Knights of Labor, was elected first president of the American Federation of Labor, it does not so much as mention his name. Seven of its thirteen chapters are entirely devoted to Early American Communism, Cooperation in America, the Beginnings of Modern Socialism in America, the Internationalists, The Propaganda of Deed, the Socialist Labor Party, the Strength of Revolutionary Socialism. In the year when Samuel Gompers concluded once and for all that while the Knights of Labor might have high ideals, it was "purely sentimental and bereft of all practical thought and action," Dr. Ely wrote that while he believed the Knights of Labor represented "an organiza-

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When Gompers died he left an autobiography almost ready for the printer. Through the courtesy of the publishers, E. P. Dutton and Co., Mr. Bruère had an opportunity to read its thousand-odd pages in proof while the presses were being held for what is now the final chapter of a two-volume book. On this material Mr. Bruère has drawn for a fresh appraisal of the sources and import of Gompers' leadership.

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tion of a higher type than the trade-union, I do not believe that the latter can yet be dispensed with!" That was the atmosphere surrounding American trade unionism when Samuel Gompers took command of the ship and anchored it to wages, hours, and business collective bargaining.

His final conversion to this gospel of business trade unionism appears to have occurred as the result of his experience with a mass meeting in behalf of the unemployed held in Tompkins Square, New York, in the winter of 1874. During the organization of the demonstration, "dissension developed within the ranks of workingmen. The group of radicals, so-called Communists saw in the situation an opportunity for propaganda. Propaganda was for them the chief end of life. They were perfectly willing to use human necessity as propaganda material. Practical results meant nothing in their program. They were young heroes determined to play a great part. Hence they were unwilling to do the unostentatious, quiet orderly things that make for constructive progress. . . . Just after they entered the park the police seargent led an attack on them. He was followed by police mounted and on foot with drawn night sticks. Without a word of warning they swept down the defenseless workers, striking down a standard bearer and using their clubs right and left indiscriminately on the heads of all they could reach. It was an orgy of brutality. I was caught in the crowd on the street and barely saved my head from being cracked by jumping down a cellarway. . . ."

Such experiences have made many men confirmed rebels, converts to revolutionary philosophies, propagandists of the deed. The effect upon young Gompers was exactly the opposite. "I was in no way connected with the arrangement of this demonstration," he remembered with satisfaction, "and was present as an intensely interested workingman and the import of the situation bore in upon me. As the fundamentals came to me, they became guide posts for my understanding of the labor movement for years to come. I saw how professions of radicalism and sensationalism concentrated all the forces of organized society against a labor movement and nullified its normal necessary activity. I saw that leadership in the labor movement could be safely entrusted only to those in whose hearts and minds had been woven the experience of earning their bread by daily labor. . . I saw the danger of entangling alliances with intellectuals who did not understand that to experiment with the labor movement was to experiment with human life." From that time forward he deliberately clothed himself and the movement be led in the manners and ideographs of accepted American usage. His penetrating sense of the value of outward conformity lead him on the one hand to eager participation in the activities of the National Civic Federation and on the other, after his return from the inauguration of an avowedly socialist-labor government in Mexico, to shield the Mexican labor movement, which he loved next to the American labor movement itself, by the calculated wisdom of his dying utterance: "God bless our American institutions; may they grow better day by day."

I use the word calculated in no invidious sense. The dominance which he exercised over the trade union movement for nearly forty years, the regimentation which that movement achieved, would have been impossible without his sustained capacity for calculated strategy, decision and action. That capacity marked him out for leadership years before the American Federation of Labor was formed. Charter No. 144, granted to the English section of the cigar makers' union in New York under date of November 24, 1875, bears the name of Samuel Gompers as president. He was then twenty-five years old. "It was customary then," he writes in the Autobiography, "for workers to go on strikes haphazard," generally to their own injury. Accordingly "union 144 adopted a provision in its laws that when workers belonging to the organization, entering upon a strike without first submitting to the organization their case for consideration, approval or disapproval, it was the duty of the union to man the shop with other members of the union. In addition to establishing this regulation we had to enforce it as a union practice." Sanitary conditions in a certain shop were so bad and the management were so indifferent to protests, that the sixty men employed there went on strike without complying with the union rule. A committee then came before the union's board of administration for support. It was headed by Henry Gompers, the president's brother. "Without further ado," the Autobiography runs, "I read the provision in the constitution of union 144 and declared their application for approval of the strike by the union was in violation of the laws of the organization and that we could not accept their application. The committee was angered beyond description and probably my brother more than any other one of them. I advised them to go to the shop and go to work even temporarily and then call a meeting and make application to the union to sustain them in their strike." The angry protestations of his brother were unavailing. The union and its discipline meant more to him than family ties. He was obeyed. Within twenty-four hours after the strike had been regularly sanctioned it was won. The calculated effect of this farsighted policy upon the strength and prestige of the organization was great and permanent.

THIS capacity for longheaded calculation, a primary source of his power in leadership, is again impressively illustrated by an incident that grew out of the great strike of 1877 against tenement house manufacture of cigars. The strike was lost. No one paid a heavier penalty than Samuel Gompers. He had been married ten years before at the age of seventeen. He was already the father of a large family. He was blacklisted as an agitator and trouble maker. Finally he obtained employment in a shop where Larza Hart, who had been the leader of the strike breakers, was employed. In spite of the fact that he was under special surveillance, his influence spread through the shop. The spirit of organization revived. The men held a shop meeting, and against his advice and protest, called a strike to have Hart discharged. They won. Hart was discharged. About a month later he met Gompers on the street and "pleaded with me to take his application for membership in the union." The Autobiography continues:

> I asked him to meet me some time during the following week to talk over the matter. We met and I took in his application for membership. It was a fierce contest to secure his admission. Some of my friends, and those who did not know much of me, opposed me bitterly. They could not understand why I should ask application for Hart's membership and so strenuously insist upon its acceptance. He was finally accepted. At the conclusion of the meeting, Hart, who was standing in the corridor of the hall as I came out, rushed toward me, expressed his gratitude and extended his hand. I stepped back from him, folded my hands behind me and said,

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'How dare you offer me your hand, you traitor!' He dropped his hand and his head sank between his shoulders. I said to him, 'Mr. Hart, I refuse to accept your hand now. But, in a year from now, if you conduct yourself as a decent man, as a faithful co-worker in the cause of labor you need not come and extend your hand to me; in a year from now I will come toward you, but until then don't you dare to speak to me again.' He did well. He was not active—simply attended the meetings, never participated in any of the discussions and was later really welcomed among the organization of true trade unionists. I carried out my promise, and, within a year from the time he had been accepted as a member, went up to him and offered my hand which he grasped, and while we were not intimate, we became friends. To me expulsion from a trade union had like significance to capital punishment, and when this question came up in my presence, I invariably took this view with those who advocated or proposed expulsion from the union, whatever the offense....

I am frankly a partisan—a union man—not a half hearted advocate who may be swayed to either one side or the other. I repeat and emphasize that insofar as the organization of labor in trade unions is concerned, the general policy they pursue, their purposes and aspirations, I am unalterably with them, yea, even to the extent of their errors, their mistakes.

From that partisanship he never deviated even when the issue seemed hopeless to others, when the temptations to a political or business career were great. In the years before the American Federation of Labor was formed, when the membership of many of the older trade unions was actually dwindling, he depored the fact than many men after attaining prominence were lured away from the labor movement. Realizing this situation as an actual fact injuriously affecting the efforts to organize the workers our group agreed: "Let us without formality pledge to each other and to ourselves that under no circumstances will we accept public funds or become interested in any business venture of any character or accept any preferment outside of the labor movement. . . . Such an agreement based on mutual understanding was more binding than an oath. It was the meeting of men's hearts and minds in furtherance of a great cause. I know of no one of that group who has not kept the faith. It was this little group that refused to subordinate the trade union to any ism or political reform. We knew that the trade union was the fundamental agency through which we could achieve economic power, which would in turn give us social and political power." One of the first resolutions which he introduced as a member of the legislative committee of the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada in 1881 read: "Resolved that it is the sense of this committee that no member thereof should publicly advocate the claims of any of the political parties; but this should not preclude the advocacy of a man who is pledged purely and directly to labor measures."

The force and ability with which he advocated this policy at the time when the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor was at the height of its brief but effulgent career lead to his election as the first president of the American Federation of Labor in 1886. This was a lean and unalluring honor at that time. For five years he was the Federation's only full-time official. He faced a situation which lead scholarly observers like Richard T. Ely to ask the question as to whether the day might not be near at hand when labor would dispense with the trade union altogether. He took to the road, preaching his gospel and seeking converts. "Everywhere I went," he writes, "I tried to make friends with reporters so that labor stories might find a hearing in the daily papers. I reached New York in March greatly encouraged by the results of the trip though I was ninety dollars out of pocket. Ninety dollars out of a salary of one thousand a year with a wife and six children to support, was not an insignificant sum. Financial loss accompanied practically every trip I made, managed on the basis of local payment of expenses. . . . The Federation was the unified activity of the trade union men. It was dependent upon goodwill and understanding of economic power. So I became a seeker of men. . . . At times I was well nigh consumed with zeal, so that I gave little thought to anything else. My work was my life."

THIS almost fanatical zeal, this sagacity, this ability to harmonize the immediate aspirations of the wage-workers with the dominant business ideals of nineteenth century America were the great sources of Samuel Gompers' influence, prestige and power. They were also the sources of his limitations as the leader of a group which had risen from impotence and oppression to that preeminence which Lincoln Filene certifies. He never recognized that the policies of a solidly organized army of three, four, five millions of men and women, especially when directed at the courts, immigration and kindred subjects, were matters of proper concern to all other citizens and groups of citizens. He defiantly resented what he called the meddling interference of outsiders when they brought these policies into question. He was consistent in holding that the labor movement was not responsible for the development of public policies beyond those that directly affected its own specific interests. This accounts in a general way for his hostility to the leaders of the British Labour Party and for his severance of affiliation with the International Federation of Trade Unions because of what he regarded as their socialistic trend. To the end he adhered to the narrow path of pure and simple trade unionism—collective bargaining, business trade unionism—and had his reward in the wide acceptance by the business community of himself and the organization he represented as stalwartly, immaculately patriotic.

The result of this complete conformity to business ideal was a considerable dimming of the peculiar and dynamic idealism which characterizes the labor movement throughout the world and upon which his earlier career was built. This is evident in the fact that the recent pioneering activities of American organized labor—labor banks, unemployment insurance, technical cooperation in production—have gone forward under the leadership of men and unions, such as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Machinists, that are either outside of the American Federation of Labor or of the traditional radical minority in that organization. It was only when he crossed the Mexican border as the friend and patron of the socialist-labor movement there that he gave intimations of what his course might have been had he come into command of the American trade union movement in 1924 instead of 1886. His autobiography reveals nothing more clearly than that the mainspring of his remarkable career lay treasured in his zealous militant youth, and that not only his own policies during the closing years of his life but also those of the Federation which he created and dominated were largely determined by an old man's wondering reverence for the youth that had made him an acknowledged leader of men.

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EDITORIALS

ENTRÉE into the inner circles of sacrosanct society in New York is sufficiently difficult for the most favored of fortune to rouse our curiosity when a successful raid is made by less assuming beings. For already some 850 citizens, most of them persons of social, financial or intellectual distinction, or all three, have capitulated to the insidious typhoid bacillus and more than ninety have died of the invasion, which began just before Thanksgiving and continues to date, although to a lesser degree, throughout the five boroughs.

This sudden wave of disease has brought out in sharp contrast the customs and beliefs of several racial groups. It is a Nordic epidemic, as well as an affliction of the well-to-do. Mapping the residence of each patient as the reports came in to the Health Department was very much like drawing the zone of exclusive and expensive residence in Manhattan and Brooklyn. There have been fifteen times as many typhoid patients in proportion to the population in the apartments and private houses of Park Avenue, on both sides of Central Park and in the Riverside Drive regions as in the city at large. One looks in vain for hospital or private patients whose homes are in the Lower East or West Side, among the Jewish, Italian or Irish tenement dwellers.

With the first hundred patients carefully studied it was possible to exclude the usual sources of typhoid infection, i. e., the water or milk supplies; with the second hundred, showing as the commonest food factor the use of oysters within two weeks of the onset of the disease, the probable source of the epidemic was determined. Since then the evidence has been increasingly definite.

At least 70 per cent of the typhoid patients in New York City are known to have eaten oysters in public restaurants or hotels, or at home from public supplies, within two weeks prior to the development of the disease. And the same is true of persons from the neighboring counties of Westchester, Nassau and Suffolk, and of guests from Chicago, Pittsburgh, Scranton, Philadelphia, Rochester and Buffalo, who shared in the holiday festivities in New York. Everywhere the correspondence reveals the names and addresses of "first families."

Orthodox Jews do not eat oysters. Italians and Greeks rarely use them, and among the first 700 patients there was but one Italian name. The Italians, the most generous users of lettuce, celery and other fresh green vegetables, have given us admirable experimental proof of the sanitary safety of these articles. Wage earners and people of small incomes generally do not use oysters and throughout the city these have fortunately escaped infection. The leading restaurants, the most prominent hotels of the mid-city zone have appeared commonly in the list of eating places of the victims of polluted oysters.

Not only has the metropolitan area centering in New York been the keenest sufferer, but the contamination apparently has come from the same region. There are clear indications that areas of oyster raising in neighboring waters, hitherto safe, have been recently heavily polluted by the newly opened system of sewage disposal of the Passaic valley. The exclusion of supplies from these areas by the health authorities was neither quick enough nor sufficiently wide and effective to prevent shipments of infected shellfish to New York and elsewhere from New York markets until after the damage was done.

The oyster industry in general has been heavily penalized by loss of trade and confidence. Chicago, for example, refuses for the time to leave the eating of raw oysters to individual discretion, and has made it an offense punishable by a fine of $25. But no failure of the oyster dealers' profit will bring back to life the more than a hundred fellow beings who will have been sacrificed before the story of the epidemic is complete. While our present day psychiatrists urge us to deal gently with criminals, the fact remains that according to sound sanitary philosophy some one should be hung for every case of typhoid fever.

The personal moral of the situation is to give up all New York shellfish, raw or cooked, at least for this season. If you cannot control your own sea food supply, be vaccinated against typhoid fever now. This advice is offered especially to Nordics who are omnivorous, have social habits, and insufficient self control when dining out. The civic moral of the situation is equally clear: the common interests of municipalities in the metropolitan area have by no means prevented neighboring towns from jeopardizing the health of the most closely settled area in America: the common business interest of the oyster industry has not prevented one group of producers from spreading sickness even though to do so destroyed the year's market. The public authorities and newspapers have been lethargic. It is not a creditable showing for the first city of the United States and it is costing it dearly.

KIWANIS CLUBS in general have taken "the underprivileged child" under their wings. To the Kiwanis Club of Butler, Pa., however, goes the special honor of having discovered a new kind of underprivilege. "I would give a thought," writes J. Walter Ketterer in an official announcement of their plans, "to a class which includes rich and poor alike in many instances." The thought is duly given to the child who is underprivileged esthetically.

"The consideration of the beautiful, the good, and the pure has an elevating influence upon all who have learned to appreciate idealism," Mr. Ketterer explains." . . . If he (the child) has never seen a building of exceptional archi-

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tectural merit, if he has never seen a painting which made his heart glow within him, if he has never beheld a piece of sculpture which touched something in his consciousness, how can he ever hope to originate or encourage the other fellow to design a beautiful building for his city or a worth while group of sculpture for the community?"

So each year the Kiwanis Club of Butler plans to rent a large interurban bus and take the forty pupils of the Junior High School whose second term work has shown the most improvement over the first to Pittsburgh for one entire day of esthetic privilege. The first stop is at the Zoo. Then there is a picnic lunch in the park, and a tour, conducted by a member of the staff, through the galleries of the Carnegie Institute, followed by an uncharted trip through the museum.

"We who have seen the working out of this scheme are convinced that it is of importance to the community in many ways," Mr. Ketterer concludes, "although the actual results may not be manifest until these children have grown up and assumed their places in the management and growth of the city. The child who has seen the beautiful has set an ideal before him towards which he will strive and that activity must be shown in his relationship with his fellow men, shown in a happier, more harmonious and more beautiful environment, making his city a better and more pleasant place in which to live."

WHEN Nels Anderson studied the homeless men of Chicago a couple of years ago he found ample evidence that he was dealing with the hobo capital of America (see The Survey, June 1, 1923). His study was made for the Chicago Council of Social Agencies; on its completion the committee which the council had organized brought in a report outlining an extensive program.

Not all of that program, of course, has found its way into organized activity, but the other day when Mary E. McDowell made her first annual report as Chicago's Commissioner of Public Welfare she was able to present the story of nearly a year's work at the Men's Service Station which had admirably carried out, though on a limited scale, the spirit of the 1923 recommendations. Thomas W. Allinson is superintendent of the Bureau of Employment, the division of the Department of Public Welfare which under city ordinance controls the Municipal Lodging House. This house had been closed for nine years, and was opened last winter only when the sudden onslaught of severely cold weather caught an unusually large number of men unemployed in Chicago and made some emergency shelter imperative. It remained open for three months. Mr. Allinson recommends that it be kept open throughout the year, and gives these reasons for that policy:

1. It furnishes emergency shelter for individuals temporarily out of funds until they get work. This need is ever present, though it may be considerably aggravated in the lean seasons.

2. Its chief function is that of a clearing house for various types of men who need reference or direction. There is no other place accessible through which men may pass to the various institutions serving the public, except the charitable (private) organizations, to which the men have an invincible objection.

3. Personal service is ever in demand among the thousands of men who pass through Chicago each year. This demand may be greater some seasons than others, but it never ceases. There is no available institution capable of this in which the men have confidence.

4. The Lodging House properly managed furnishes an opportunity for sociological and psychological research. This is of vital importance in view of the scarcity of information regarding this class of men. For this a competent staff of interviewers, investigators and supervisors of case-work and unemployment is essential.

The Men's Service Station, located in the lodging house, is operated as an independent unit. Its business has been "to assist applicants in working out their own individual problems." For the first and most intimate problem of getting body and clothes clean it provides free baths and boiling tubs. "We have helped partially employables to get work," reports Mr. Allinson, "advised and assisted handicapped men in their rehabilitation; returned employable and mentally unfit to their homes, or sent them to institutions; directed and returned runaway boys to their homes; sent for money for stranded men or boys; communicated with friends or relatives and assisted men in getting back pay and compensation for injuries."

"TO some of the popular criticisms of the municipal lodging house Chicago offers interesting answers. Does free shelter lure to the city men who ought to stay in the country and work? The two hundred who were housed nightly in the Chicago lodging house were barely 1 per cent of the unemployed casuals in the city, to begin with, and the lodging house could not have been an important factor in bringing the great residue. But 40 per cent of those applying for shelter claimed a year's residence in the city and were therefore entitled by law to the benefit of the municipal institutions. "The hope of getting inside jobs and free medical treatment," the superintendent reports, "brought many more outsiders than did the prospect of free beds."

Are the men unwilling to work? In the wood-yard, yes. The "work test" is a make-believe; able-bodied men know it, and resent it accordingly. "The poor in body and spirit make but a pretense of it.", But on the night of the hardest snow-storm in Chicago last winter, with a forty-mile gale blowing, cars stalled and wires down, a call came after ten o'clock at night for eighty men to work on the tracks and keep traffic moving. More than a hundred answered the summons that night, and eighty more the next morning. The sequel is that more than thirty of them had frozen ears, hands or feet—misfortunes for which, in spite of the public service these casuals rendered, there was no compensation available, so that but for the doctors of the lodging house they would have fared badly.

But it is in the classification and careful study of these men that the lodging house does its most distinctive work. Out of a specially investigated group of 123 no less than four were found insane and were committed to asylums; four more appeared to need similar treatment but could not be held for full examination; six others had, without question, psychopathic tendencies. Almost one out of five was so inadequate mentally as to be a ready tool for criminal leadership.

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leadership. To lump these men with able-bodied adventurers, casuals out of luck, runaway boys and worn-out hand-laborers as hoboes to be left either to the flop-houses or the rescue missions for treatment en masse is obviously an archaic procedure. A service station that sees them as individuals and acts accordingly is well named.

ONCE more Judge Ben Lindsey appears as a stormy petrel weathering with difficulty the gale of opposition which has been blown up by some of his fellow townsmen of Denver. His right to the judgeship of the Juvenile Court, won in the last election by a margin of only about two hundred votes, has been contested by his opponent, an avowed member of the Ku Klux Klan, and while he is defending this front attack, a flank movement has been launched in the Legislature by Representatives Wheeler and Holcomb of Denver, both of whom were elected with Klan support. Apparently the idea is that if Judge Lindsey cannot be voted out of the court, the court can be legislated away from under him, for the proposed action consists of two bills, the first of which would repeal the act of April 3, 1907 which created the Juvenile Court, and transfer its unfinished business to the District Court, while the second bill would create two extra judgeships in the District Court, and leave the appointment of their incumbents to Governor Morley, who also enjoyed Klan support in his campaign. The Lower House of the Colorado Legislature is said to be dominated by the Klan, and the attack on Judge Lindsey is declared the opening gun in a general post-election campaign against Klan opponents. Another proposed piece of legislation which is credited to the Klan would make it illegal to obtain, possess, or dispense intoxicating liquor for sacramental use, according to the customs predominantly of the Catholics and the Jews. Judge Lindsey has been under fire before and has come out victorious on the record of a quarter century of service in the interests of the women and the children of his city. East and West, people who know that record must regard his present situation as cause for alarm and for a prompt response to the appeal of his friends for aid to help him bear the heavy expense of meeting this double assault.

A GATHERING on a Sunday evening of fifteen thousand people in Madison Square Garden, with chimes, a police band and the choirs of a score of churches to give drama and uplift to the occasion, marked the initiation in New York of the campaign for $15,000,000 to complete the Cathedral of St. John the Divine—not merely as a churchly edifice but as a civic enterprise and communal center for the city of New York. Perhaps we should have to go back to the Middle Ages for its counterpart. It is to be questioned whether ten or fifteen years ago such a pageant of the spiritual forces in the city's life could have been "put over." This is not only because propagandists, publicity-men and clergymen went to school in the war "drives." The meeting was a symbol of the spiritual stirrings which have been an aftermath of the war years—the heart searchings among men as to the why of life and effort—as to the motivations of existence.

The winter has been notable for other outstanding gifts—those tens of millions given by Mr. Eastman to Syracuse University and by Mr. Duke to Trinity in North Carolina. Yet it is not disparaging of these gifts to religion and education to point out that they are of the old order; the repetition in our day, and on an unexampled scale, of giving of a type which was pioneered in earlier centuries. Cathedral and college are institutions of the great tradition; the first to give to them of their means and devotion were forerunners of the dim past. It is natural that in our time these institutions should commend themselves to those to whom their appeal is ever fresh. But it is well to recognize also the trail-blazing in this twentieth century; the advances made in mustering support to the less recognized, less conventional, often less tangible institutions which have been devised to meet the new needs of our modern civilization.

THESE considerations give distinction to the open-handed giving of a merchant of Pittsburgh. The thirtieth anniversary of the Irene Kaufmann Settlement was observed in January. It was made the occasion by Henry Kaufmann for turning over to the settlement down-town real estate valued at $750,000, bringing his total gifts to this social center to around $1,500,000. Thirty years ago the settlement was one small room on the third floor of a house on Miller Street. Today in terms of brick and mortar it is a modern six-story structure on Center Avenue. But in terms of human lives, in the twelve months of 1924 it rendered 34,473 personal services to youth and old-age—to the sick, the poor, the immigrant—to those eager for vocational guidance, for loans, for recreation, for all that wide range of neighborly activities which have crystallized in what we call a social settlement. Back of the settlement is not a tradition reaching to fountain heads of the great religions. Its conception is not something which has gathered momentum from the experiences of generation after generation of men who have known what classroom and campus meant in their own youth and that of their fathers. It is something new, growing out of the needs of our industrial cities, springing from beginnings which Arnold Toynbee and Canon Barnett made in the East End of London; beginnings taken up, adapted, made luminous in our immigrant neighborhoods by the pioneers of settlement work in America in the 90's. The Hill District of Pittsburgh has been such a neighborhood; and so brief has been the span of the settlement story that Anna B. Heldman, a visiting nurses in residence since 1903 and now head of its widespread personal service, has watched and tended and served throughout three-quarters of its history. Addie Weihl, Elizabeth Nuefeld, Julia Schoenfeld, Ann Reed, are some of the workers whose impress has been left on the Hill; Mrs. A. Leo Weil, Nathaniel Spear and Louis J. Affelder have in their presidencies spanned the whole course of the work in three terms. But it has been Sidney A. Teller, since 1916 the resident director, who has been its master architect; who has made this settlement a galvanic center

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for an ever-widening range of civic, educational and health activities reaching ever widening circles of folk. The Irene Kaufmann Settlement is a big institution as settlements go. It is as modern and dynamic as a steel mill or an office building or a department store. It would be dizzying to those first workers who, at the suggestion of Rabbi Mayer, opened that first room in 1895. Yet no one who visits it can come away without feeling that it is the home of the personal equation; these are real people who have real relationships to each other and build on them. "You and me" is not lost in the multitude. For it is a multitude.

The service of the settlement has not been, however, merely to its neighbors. It has pioneered things in Pittsburgh. Among the items listed in its history which indicate this are the summer vacation school it started back in '97; the reading room it opened in '98 before Pittsburgh branch libraries were in existence; the first free baths it gave that year in a single bathtub at 32 Townsend Street; the first evening classes in English and citizenship which started in 1899; its district nursing work instituted in 1902; its investigations of stogie factories and typhoid fever; its early free kindergartens, settlement scholarships, employment bureau, immigrant aid work, its pre-natal and post-natal nursing and so on. Nor has it hesitated to stand out for civil liberties in days of intolerance, to carry forward militant campaigns when moral evils and sanitary dangers threatened its people.

Not only is the settlement one of the new institutions; it has a dynamic which church and college seek and do not always find—a compensation perhaps for the fact that with few settlements, in too few cities, have generous givers as yet come to share comparably the giving that goes to the older social institutions.

ON Sunday, January 11, the University of Kansas had no chancellor. He had been dismissed by the State Board of Administration at the behest of Governor Jonathan M. Davis. On Monday, January 12, Governor Davis went out of office. On Tuesday, January 13 the new Governor, Ben S. Paulen, had a heart-to-heart talk with the board of administration, which promptly reinstated the chancellor.

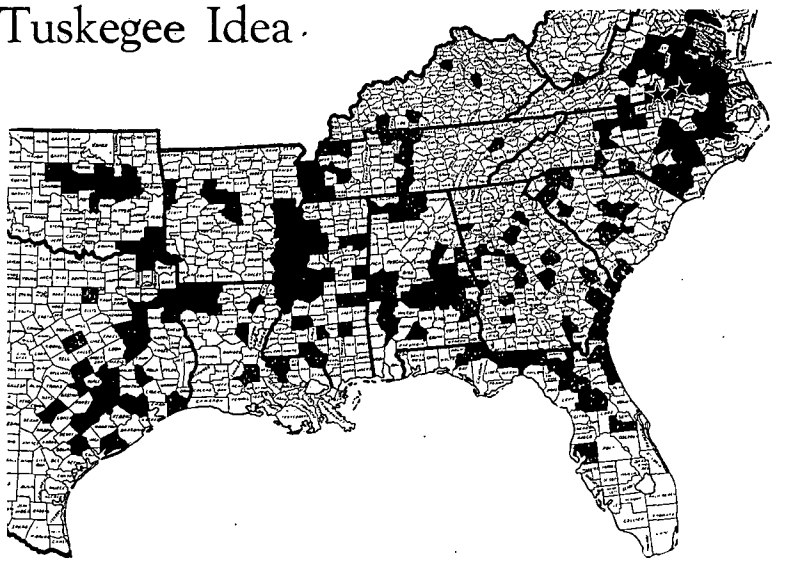
This kaleidoscopic procedure in educational administration, naturally, set Kansas by the ears. The underlying issues are somewhat clouded. There is, of course, talk of the Klan. The university has resented the law which makes such an ouster possible—a law which places it under the control of a board of administration responsible for all the state's institutions—jails and schools alike—and under the governor's thumb. When Stuart A. Queen, professor of sociology, proposed a readjustment of educational administration the chairman of the board of administration demanded that the chancellor, E. H. Lindley, dismiss him. Chancellor Lindley refused, whereupon the governor backed the chairman by ousting the chancellor himself.

The former governor alleged that the chancellor had been dilatory, that the university had played politics, and that Lindley had been aloof from the student body. Lindley is opposed by some of his subordinates. He has not been able to hold some of his best men. But with the game all over but the last half-minute play, many who have criticized the chancellor have yet more severely objected to the governor's high-handed measure.

Governor Paulen took office with a chancellor-less university, and a board of three men making the vain attempt to manage the affairs of twenty-one state institutions, educational, penal, charitable. On his desk lay a petition signed by three thousand students asking for the chancellor's reappointment. What he said to the board of administration has not been divulged, but their action was unequivocal. Chancellor Lindley is in office again. And the effort of the university to secure a firmer status seems likely to succeed. The new governor's first message to the legislature recommends a separate non-political unpaid board to run the state's educational institutions, in accordance with the recommendation of the Federal Bureau of Education. What will Kansas do next?

Spreading the Hampton-Tuskegee Idea

This map from the U. S. Department of Agriculture shows the 184 counties in which there is a Negro farm demonstration agent—that is, counties where 293 Hampton or Tuskegee trained men and women are working under direction of an extension staff representing the two schools, the work being supervised and paid for jointly by the federal and state governments. The two schools are joining in a campaign for $5,000,000 to strengthen their curriculum, teaching staff, and physical equipment so that their gospel of competence, training, and land ownership may be spread still more widely. Two millions have already been secured.



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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

CAN the human race muster wisdom enough to lay its own course? That is the only question—for if that is answered "No," all other questions are foolish. What can we do about education or morals, for instance, if we cannot supply the missing words: 'education for what,' 'morals for what'? If we can't lay our course, Nature will continue to lay it for us, brutally as always, and the only relief will be in mysticism that contemplates her heroic terrors and humbly submits.

Committee Number Two of the Assembly of the League of Nations, the Committee on International Intellectual Cooperation, is plausibly the most important body in the world. It is the germ of an organ of consciousness in the race; it offers a hope that we may yet be able to put mind into life. Yet there has been little if any recognition of its work on this side of the water, and outside of a few scholars, little if anything is known of its activities. These trench on the social as well as the other areas of intellectual concern. So it is with profound seriousness that we give place to a review sent us by Mrs. Parker who was at Geneva during the last Assembly:

"Strictly speaking, there is nothing in the Covenant of the League of Nations authorizing activity along the line of International Intellectual Cooperation. There were those who wished it explicitly recognized as a legitimate activity of the League. It is said that Wilson is partly responsible for its being left out, on the principle that it was too self-evident to need mentioning. The very foundations of the League must rest upon intellectual cooperation. But each year the Strict Interpreters claim again that nothing must be done about anything intellectual because the matter is not definitely mentioned in the Covenant. Back in 1921 Professor Gilbert Murray put the case before the Assembly. He said:

> The future of the League of Nations depends upon the formation of a universal conscience. This can only be created and developed if the scholars the thinkers and the writers in all countries maintain close mutual contact and spread from one country to another the ideas which can ensure peace among the peoples, and if the efforts already made in this direction receive encouragement.

"In 1922 the report was adopted by the Council and a distinguished company of twelve scholars were invited to form the committee. Now there are fourteen. One of the interesting developments is that there has come to be continual agitation on the part of various races, cultures, nationalities, interests, for representation on the committee. One might well desire inclusion in such worthy company: M. Bergson, the French philosopher; Professor Gilbert Murray of Oxford; Mlle. Bonnevie, professor of zoology at the University of Christiania; Sir J. C. Bose, founder and director of the Bose Research Institute, Calcutta; M. de Castro, director of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Rio de Janiero; Mme. Curie of the University of Paris; M. Destree, former Belgian Minister for Science and Arts; Professor Einstein of the Universities of Berlin and Leyden; Professor Sorentz, at present secretary-general of the Netherlands Scientific Society; M. Lugones, professor of aesthetics, publicist, editor, poet, of Buenos Ayres; Mr. Robert A. Milliken, of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics in California; M. de Reynold, professor of French literature at the University of Berne; M. Ruffini, professor of ecclesiastical law at the University of Turin; M. de Torres Quevedo, director of the Madrid Electro-Mechanical Laboratory. In addition there is the Austrian correspondent, Professor Dopsch, former rector of the University of Vienna.

"To the above august fourteen has been entrusted what Bergson calls 'the union of the mind.' . . . On a small and unenthusiastic grant from the League budget, the committee struggled along the last thre years, holding its fourth plenary session in July, 1924. At its first session in 1922 the plight of the intellectual life in Austria was dwelt upon, and plans inaugurated to met the unhappy condition in that unhappy country. Hungary has now requested that the committee come to her intellectual aid, spiritually through interest and through enabling them to live in closer intellectual intercourse with other countries, materially, through plans set afoot for circulating publications, organization of exchange professorships and lectures, procuring funds for destitute scientists and students. . . . Through the generosity of the Italian Red Cross, the committee was able to put the sum of 1000,000 lire at the disposal of specially deserving Russian scholars. The committee took a hand in helping to restore the intellectual life of Japan. . . .

In the general report M. de Reynold constructed an 'intellectual map' of Europe. First came the 'black zones,' countries where intellectual life had been seriously affected, namely Germany and Russia ('the balance between Latin civilization and Germanic civilization, upon which European civilization had been based, was now destroyed' . . . the fact that no enquiry had been possible in the case of Russia was sufficient to show how grave the situation was'). Then came the 'grey zone'—mainly those countries which had risen on the ruins of the old empires, where though their intellectual life was seriously threatened, yet it was developing and thereby enriching civilization—Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria.

"A somewhat lighter zone was where intellectual workers could continue their labors only under the difficulties of the greatly increased cost of living. Lastly, the white zone countries intact after the war, and yet even here economic difficulties meant suffering to the intellectual workers. One of the recommendations adopted by the present Assembly

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concerned an examination into the subect of an international loan, under the supervision of the League of Nations, intended exclusively for intellectual development in the countries of the League of Nations that might desire it.

"The Assembly records with great satisfaction the fact that the system of forming national committees on intellectual cooperation is making steady progress. . . . and to date, such committees exist, or are planned in nearly a score of countries.

"The Assembly adopted ten recommendations of the committee, including:

"2. The Assembly concurs with the plan or organizing a meeting in 1925 to deal with the various problems raised by the question of scientific property. Professor Ruffini is the main spirit agitating a change in the existing order of things whereby the invention of a rubber heel may make the patentee a millionaire, while the scientist who discovers some epoch-making law, or the property of a body—discoveries which spell progress to industry and to humanity as a whole—is protected by no law, and may die starved in a garret. It is hoped that a committee composed of scientists, industrialists, and government representatives, will be able to draw up a draft convention on the subject of scientific property.

"3. The Assembly notes with satisfaction the important results obtained by the committee in regard to the coordination of bibliographical work in the domain of physics, and requests the committee to undertake a similar task in regard to the other sciences, particularly the social sciences."

"Further resolutions concern cooperation with the International Institute of Bibliography at Brussels; international exchange of publications; further compilation of information under the International Universities Information Bureau; the providing of students with special travelling and other facilities. In this regard the Italian Government has already met the committee more than half way by decreeing last year that all foreign students should be given access to all schools and universities without payment of any fee. This means a loss of many million lire to its annual budget. The subject of an international university has been brought before the committee by Spain, but it was thought the time for action was not yet ripe.

"Tenth and last, 'The Assembly being convinced of the fundamental importance of familiarizing young people throughout the world with the principles and work of the League of Nations, and of training the younger generation to regard international cooperation as the normal method of conducting world affairs . . . instructs the secretariat to investigate the means by which efforts to promote contact and to educate the youth of all countries in the ideals of world peace and solidarity may be further developed and coordinated, and to furnish a report to the Sixth Assembly."

"This subject of world education is more and more prominent. M. Lugones, eminent South American member of the committee, submitted a plan for the Reform of Education in which he made the fine statement: 'Since the political conscience of the world, including conceptions of patriotism and humanitarianism, depended on historical information, his first reform would be a transforming of the teaching of purely national history into teaching the history of civilization. Geography, mathematics, classics, music, political economy—all should play a new educational role leading toward the conception of *genus humanum* and away from a too narrow nationalism.'

"At the meeting of the Assembly, a call for help was sent forth, and France had heard and answered—the only one up to that time to answer—with a home in Paris and one million francs a year. The Assembly asked itself 'Is Paris the place to raise my child?' The workers' delegate from Australia was the most outspoken in his criticism—he thanked the French, but the place for an Institute of International Intellectual Cooperation was in 'neutral Geneva' and not in Paris. Some felt that a bit of decentralizing would do no harm if only it could be more general: France donating an institute in Paris for the study of certain cultural subjects; great Britain an institute in London, under League control, of course, for the study of colonial problems; the United States might some day give an institute for the international study of industrial problems; Italy, say, an institute for law; Germany, in the future, one for chemistry and physics—fine!

"None of these existed. It was Paris or no intellectual activities whatever just as the promises of further development under the committee were so encouraging. The Assembly unanimously accepted, Mr. Charloton of Australia still dissenting (but without a vote). The Committee on Intellectual Cooperation has provided for a thorough internationalization of the Paris institute. It will act as the governing body and hold entire administrative control.

"There were those who felt that, instead of a new institute being set up what should have been done was to strengthen the valuable international institute in Brussels, toward the development of which M. Lafontaine has given so much of his strength and enthusiasm. Perhaps the institute, with its international museum, extensive international bibliographies (twelve and a quarter million cards, classified by author and subject), its international library, its annual international university, its union of international associations, might have been moved to Geneva.

"Since I began this review, Italy has come forward with her generous offer to found in Rome an International Institute for the Unification (Assimilation and Coordination) of Private Law, under the direction of the League of Nations, with one million lire a year as upkeep . . . a gift that at once eased that slight tension resulting from the doubts aroused by France's generosity.

"There, in Committee Two, apparently far from the precarious subjects of boundaries, sanctions, navies—as far as a book is, say, from a gun—one comes to realize that international intelligence, just as international peace, is going to take the will and patience and good sense and pliability of the whole world to attain. It is the same misunderstanding, or lack of understanding behind books which helps to lead to the lack of understanding behind guns. It is partly because it is more difficult to point a loaded gun at some one you understand that it is so important to spread international understanding. CORNELIA S. PARKER"

Gold vs Coal

ARTHUR TRAIN does better pamphleteering in fiction than do noisier propagandists like Upton Sinclair. Better in two ways, as his last novel, The Needle's Eye, shows. First, because his legal training makes him saner and better balanced in his analysis of social phenomena; and second, and mots importantly, because he writes good stories.

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THE PELHAM TOURS
"MOTORING IN EUROPE"
From Naples to Paris by Automobile

Extract from Diary, The Pelham Tours . . . Extract No. 5.

Amsterdam, July 23d: Paris, though I had expected more than any one has a right to expect of any place, did not for one moment disappoint me. Over it all is an air so crystal clear, so sparklingly brilliant that one's spirits rise at once and one breathes in happiness and delight with every breath. I stood beside the Seine, leaning against the stone embankment, the trees behind me flecking the quiet waters with their wavering green shadow, and gazed across at the old bookstalls on the opposite bank. Soon, I was sure, I would be over there myself, happily browsing among the dusty volumes heaped on the curious old stalls that line the Quai, sure in my heart that I would come across some treasure among those old tomes, but so happy in the search that it made little difference after all whether I did or not. Down the river the waters part about the island on which stands the magnificent pile of Notré Dame where but yesterday I stood under the great dome and felt the spell of its beauty. Perhaps I would saunter again along the Quai to that gem of architecture, Sainte Chapelle, with its marvel of old glass, like nothing I had ever seen or dreamed of before. It is as if all the color and glow of the centuries of that sunshine that makes Paris so lovely today, had been caught and treasured in that rich warm glass and now the same sunshine, pouring through the beautiful windows, saturates the air with wonderful light and stains the floor with pools of liquid color. It is unbelievably beautiful. . . . Then, of course, there are the shops, too enticing by far, and the tea tables set along the sidewalk, where we sipped our tea and munched delicious little cakes, too happy for words. We had one day at Versailles and one at Fontainebleau; two unforgetable days. Then our week was over and we left that enchanting city. Holland was immensely interesting to me. We had a day at The Hague and then came to Amsterdam. One day we spent on the Zuyder Zee, going to the fascinating Island of Marken where the people wear the most amazing costumes (boys, girls, men and women, everyone) and where the cows live in most luxurious quarters. This is the home of the Edam cheese.

Tomorrow we go by the Hook of Holland to England and to London. Will London be as marvellous, I wonder, as Paris was? I shall soon know. *To be continued*

For information concerning these tours, write to "The Pelham Tours,"
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Tuberculosis — *And How to Combat It*

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We hope that students of society who like the joy of an exciting novel, and who want that novel to be about something worth while, will read this study of what can, and can't, be done with great wealth.

The main theme is what shall a social-minded young man who falls heir to a vast fortune do with the labor situation in his coal mines in West Virginia. This coal problem is one Survey readers know about; they will be interested in comparing their knowledge with Mr. Train's who, it is said, studied the bituminous coal business for two years, reading every report about it, and visiting West Virginia to observe conditions at first hand. They will also be interested in guessing at who some of the characters in the novel are—young Graham, for instance, who is not too deeply disguised as the one-time foreman of the Grand Jury investigating vice conditions in New York city, or his sweetheart who is the daughter of the other kind of wealth, the wealth of fast and loose living that ends in scandal and a divorce that is recognized as a composite of some of the recent unsavory cases. Most of all we would like to know just which head of which great foundation Mr. Train had in mind in his picture of Erasmus Dominick, one in a hundred million, the most useful citizen in America.

You can see that this novel has meat on its bones of plot. There is a rich scene in which that admirably drawn and unforgettable character "great Uncle Shiras" tries to give fifty million to the institute to further the study of rejuvenation (he himself nearing eighty still wants favors of life). The head of the research division has to refuse because there simply was no way of spending that amount on that subect—science can't buy knowledge overnight, and only a few men know enough to do the experiments, anyhow. Uncle Shiras sems to us more like the real creation of a real novelist of the best English tradition than any we recall in American fiction recently, always excepting Mrs. Wharton.

ON labor and capital Mr. Train is almost too judicial. He is persuasive in both directions—fair to the unco' rich (which is not always easy) and clearly pitiful of the blindly striving workers. He is too easily contemptuous of things that seem silly and unreal such as the Socialist school, some Greenwich Village art, the high-brow papers for intelligentzia only, and so on. They have merits in their place as Mr. Train has in his. But he does cut through from the surface where people talk down to the mines and dumps where they work. And that is useful and true.

There is a good deal of argument pro and con on wealth, its responsibilities, labor, its duties, and science, its possibilities, throughout the book. Some of it is good talk; some of it the talk of a successful novelist who was once an assistant district attorney. We do not recall that Mr. Train reaches any conclusion; but we do recall character after character and scene after scene that are brilliantly done and that combined with a serious purpose make a novel that does comprehend and present something of the American scene.

It makes us hope Mr. Train has turned 'serious' for good and will lend his certain narrative talents to further studies of life that are also good books.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE, *by Arthur Train. Scribners. 416 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

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aspects of working and living conditions. In Colorado, the environment but not the status of the worker has been materially changed. At the Bleachery a new relation to management has been accorded the worker.

IV. Changes in the Status of the Worker Due to Representation

COLORADO FUEL AND IRON COMPANY	DUTCHESS BLEACHERY
4a. Only for certain defined offenses, a list of which is publicly posted, can an employe be discharged without notice. For all other offenses he must be given a warning. This protection against ruthless discharge was a substantial gain which the plan aimed to insure for the workers.	4a. He has, through his elected representatives on the Board of Operatives, the entire responsibilities for housing and community relations.
4b. He has the right of appeal of grievances, with or without the help of his representatives, to the superintendent and thence through to the higher officials of the company, and ultimately, if necessary, to the Industrial Commission of Colorado.	4b. Through the Board of Management and the Board of Directors, his representatives have a vote on all decisions.
4c. He has, through representation, the right of conference and the advisory functions indicated in the outline of the plan of organization.	4c. Security of employment is increased by the protection of the worker against unfair discharge, through the powers of his representatives on the Board of Management, and especially by the establishment of a reserve for the payment of half wages in periods of unemployment.
4d. In general, the company bases its wages on competitive rates. Employes have no vote in the determination of wages, although they may express their views on this as on any other subject.	4d. Through equal representation on the Board of Management, he has a voice in the determination of wages and other conditions of employment.
	4e. Over and above his wages he receives a share in profits, which is assigned in accordance with the following plan: After the payment of wages and salaries, a set percentage to stockholders, and other expenses, a reserve of 15 per cent is set aside for capital and 15 per cent for unemployment insurance. The remaining profits are divided half and half between stockholders and employes in proportion to their wages.

In the Bleachery the executive secretary of the Board of Operatives gives his full time to the administration of the Partnership Plan, and is regarded as an advocate of the interests of employes. Under the conception of partnership and joint management prevailing there, however, and the consequent widening of the area of common interest, many of his activities are naturally to the advantage both of wage-earners and stockholders. Managerial officials are responsible to both, since both are equally represented in the Board of Management.

In Colorado, the president of the Company has administered the plan and his deputies have represented him in its details. The employes have had no general representative giving his full time to their interests. Their own elected representatives are all fellow-employes at work in the mines, on the company pay-roll, and conscious of being dependent upon the company for their jobs. In the history of the plan, no employes' representative, so far as we could discover, has been discharged for activities in the interests of fellow-employes, but the need for a representative with larger powers

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and not answerable to the company was frequently voiced to us by miners. Indeed, one of them testified to that effect at a hearing of the Colorado Industrial Commission. Later the project of selecting "one of their own number" to be their paid representative on full time was submitted to the employes in a referendum but they voted against it. To sift the reasons lying behind this adverse vote would carry us far afield, but the point to note is that in Colorado the underlying principle is one of joint conference, and there is little evidence of any considered plans for developing independent initiative among employes. Generally this can be achieved only if they have leaders of their own choosing, who are genuinely free to act on their behalf, without danger to their own prospects.

LIMITATIONS of space are embarrassing; for a full and sincere tribute is due to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company for its achievements in improving conditions since the representation plan was introduced. Let me quote from the synopsis of our chapter on the work of the joint committees as it will appear in the book which comes from the press as this article is printed:

> The company is shown to have been a pioneer in welfare work which was developed prior to 1890 by Dr. Corwin, its present chief surgeon. The excellent housing conditions and the attractive communities are described. The procedure of the various joint committees is fully analyzed in order to show just how far employes display initiative. The conclusion is that abuses through compulsory buying in company stores are things of the past; that inevitable complaints against prices are dealt with promptly and frankly through the representation plan; that the old influence of the company in county and state politics, so much discussed in 1913, is no longer exercised; that life in the camps is happier and more healthful, and opportunities for schooling are greatly improved. But our examination of the procedure of the joint committees has shown that these changes are due primarily to the initiative of management. Employes are not given responsibility for decisions.

Despite these limitations which close analysis reveals, the Representation Plan represents a long step forward over pre-strike conditions in Colorado, away from a method of decision without conference which still prevails in the majority of industrial plants in this country, to a plan whereby the two groups can meet face to face and begin to understand each other.

Out of these conferences, a larger participation for wage-earners in management could easily be developed. But here again is a contrast. The Bleachery plan began in a small experiment and gradually changed as employes became ready for larger powers. The Colorado plan has not changed in essentials, though details have been altered, in the past ten years.

At the Bleachery it has not been all clear-sailing, as the details in Mr. Selekman's book show. The low wage scale, characteristic of the bleaching industry, is an unsolved problem which one plant alone cannot solve without reference to its competitors. Division of profits, resulting in additions to earnings, has, of course, put the employes of the Dutchess Bleachery in a better position than their fellow-workers in other bleacheries. In other ways, much remains to be done to achieve a full sense of partnership. The final control, for instance, rests actually with the stockholders, who could, at least in theory, vote to abandon the plan. But the results have been real and substantial—greater security of employment; the abandonment of the old autocratic management which prevailed under former owners, and indeed, in the early days of the present ownership; and a new and alert interest in production on the part of operatives, which has actually registered itself in larger output and in a quality of product which the operatives call "the partnership finish."

IT is in the relation to trade unions that the plans differ most fundamentally, and this is due primarily to the fact that in the bleachery industry, there is little organization, and in mining a strong national union.

VI. Relation to Trade Union

COLORADO FUEL AND IRON COMPANY	DUTCHESS BLEACHERY
5a. The plan guarantees the right of every man to belong or not to belong to a trade union.	5a. The United Textile Workers have a local organization among the folders in the Bleachery. The relations between the union and the company are friendly in every particular. The village clubhouse, which is owned by the company and administered by the Board of Operatives, permits the local to hold its meetings there. The national union is friendly to the Bleachery.
5b. The company does not make any agreement with the trade union. The union is not permitted to hold meetings in any building in the camps owned by the company. Frequent instances of antagonism have occurred.	

In the Bleachery only one small local union exists—the folders' union, affiliated with the United Textile Workers. This union became convinced that the Partnership Plan was in no way dangerous to the interests of trade unions and gave it their hearty support.

Coal-mining in contrast is strongly unionized. The strike which finally called forth the Industrial Representation Plan was led by the United Mine Workers, the national union of miners, and its main objective was to unionize the coal companies in Southern Colorado among which the most important is the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The United Mine Workers, in common with other branches of organized labor, have officially expressed their opposition to employes' representation in general. District 15, the branch of the United Mine Workers which includes Colorado, has coupled the Rockefeller plan with the One Big Union and the Industrial Workers of the World and forbids its members to join any of them on pain of a heavy fine.

Yet the Industrial Representation Plan itself marked a change in policy on the part of the company toward the membership of its employes in the union. It declared that any employe was free to join a union. After its adoption, the camps were opened to union organizers, who had been rigorously excluded from the property of the company before the strike of 1913. After gaining a respite from this strike, the union again sent organizers into Colorado in 1917. A strike was threatened, but out of consideration of war needs the international officers of the union refused to sanction an interruption in the output of coal. When in 1919 the United Mine Workers called a nation-wide strike, Colorado miners responded by quitting work in considerable numbers. At the same time, as our detailed findings demonstrate, the company through its superintendents adopted a procedure which had the effect of convincing its miners that it was "not healthy to be active in the union."

Be that as it may, the fact is that what the union desires is a union agreement, and the mere grant by the company of freedom to its employes to join the union is not sufficient to satisfy the union. Nor does it satisfy the miners who

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join the union. They join because they want an organized means of dealing with their employers for the protection of their wage scale. They know that under the Plan they have no say as to their wage scale, and that it is dependent upon the organized strength of miners in other districts who have the power to bargain for it. The refusal to deal with the union becomes an ever-present cause of friction in the minds of the more intelligent miners.

Again let me quote from the proofs of our synopsis of the chapter describing the relation between the union and the Plan:

The attitude of the company toward the union is traced as it has been described by W. L. Mackenzie King and by officials of the company. Changes in policy since the strike of 1913-14 are shown so that, for example, President Welborn has willingly met with representatives of the United Mine Workers who were not employed by the company when they had asked for conference. We describe, however, the refusal of the company to allow the union to hold meetings in the camps. The Y. M C. A., which includes officials of the company on its board of managers, has not permitted its buildings to be used by the union, and this whole problem brings up the question of the freedom of community life in a mining camp and the importance of distinguishing between the company as an employer in the mine and as a landlord in the town. Full credit is given to the company for its more liberal attitude since the plan was introduced, but the facts presented show that a conflict is in existence in Colorado between employes' representation and trade unionism, which must be wisely dealt with before any plan can be made to work satisfactorily.

The final paragraph of the chapter on unionism in Colorado reads:

Unionism in the coal mines of Colorado has spent its energies in vain efforts to secure recognition. At that stage, facing the constant opposition of employers, a trade union becomes aggressive, rather than constructive. The leaders are likely to be those who can stimulate antagonism to the company as a first step toward proving the need for a trade union to protect the employes. Out of this kind of campaign develop endless petty causes of irritation between a company and the leaders of a union; and the employes share in these irritations. Behind all these petty occurrences is a fundamental fact—the existence of a national organization of the miners. Employes' representation is inevitably, therefore, a competitor of the union unless a modus vivendi can be agreed upon between the company and the union.

In this situation we see an opportunity for a piece of constructive statemanship on the part of Mr. Rockefeller and his associates which would have wide-spread influence upon the further development of employes' representation. This is nothing less than to undertake the task which he himself described in an article in the International Labor Review, of April, 1921, in forecasting the ultimate development of employes' representation "to include all corporations in the same industry and ultimately all industries" when he said:

Just what part labor organizations and employers' associations can best take in such a plan remains to be worked out, but certain it is that some method should be devised which will profit to the fullest extent by the experience, the strength and the leadership of these groups.

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the United States Steel Corporation and which denies to the workers any organized means of conference with managerial officials or of representation in matters of employment. I shall not attempt to set forth our findings as to the experience with the plan in the Minnequa Steel Works other than to point out that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company thus took advanced ground, compared with other steel plants, in dealing with employes. On the other hand, no national union of steel workers has existed with sufficient strength to challenge employes' representation, and the problem of reconciliation between employes' representation and trade unions has not arisen so sharply in the steel works.

OUR study has already revealed a deeper reason for a reconciliation of shop representation with wider organization of both workers and employes. In the nature of the case neither the Dutchess Bleachery nor the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company can set the basic wage standards which at least within certain limits competition determines. The Bleachery partners are troubled over the low minimum to which wage rates sink in an unorganized, highly competitive industry. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company simply accepts the scale adopted by competitors who make agreements with the strong national union. Actually, as many a miner in the employ of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company does not fail to tell you, that is the scale for which the United Mine Workers have struck and suffered. Employes' representation can handle many problems in day-to-day dealings which are not particularly the concern of a national union. But a partnership plan in a highly organized industry cannot give a genuine share in control to employes if the machinery of their representation be limited to one company. Their representation must be as wide as the competitive area which sets limits to their wages.

Here then is the nub of the whole matter: Employes' representation as practiced in the company which has tried it over the longest period, limited as it is to conference, and concerned primarily with adjustment of grievances, does not develop leadership or stimulate interest among the wage-earners, though it works a revolution in remedying the outstanding grievances of an earlier decade. In contrast such definite grant of powers as has been tried in the Dutchess Bleachery shows how leadership can be developed and interest stimulated by the gradual growth of wage-earners' share in management. Progress along this line demands, at the Bleachery and elsewhere, definite recognition of the responsibility of managerial officials to the wage-earning group, equal to the responsibility which management has traditionally felt toward stockholders.

Finally a company which has competitors must envisage as wide an area of the industry as its competitors occupy. Exponents of employes' representation in a highly organized industry like bituminous coal must recognize by the logic of the technical requirements of the business itself, that standards of wages and hours must be settled by agreement which includes the whole industry if the idea of labor's partnership is to be made practical.

In Colorado today the opportunity is open to apply the recommendations of the President's Second Industrial Conference to combine the idea of employes' representation in one establishment with the collective agreements over a whole industry, which represent the goal of trade unions.

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A SCHOOLBOY'S BAG AND A CITY'S PAGEANT

(*Continued from page* 529)

which were here similarly magnified, by use of locusts dipped in ink, and mounted on quivering wires. Nor did we forget huge model mosquitos for malaria.

Again a brief break, after all these instructive horrors. Then cheerful music, heading the long line of four hundred sweepers of the town, two abreast, all in spotless white raiment, with new brooms, flower-garlanded. Their carts were all fresh-painted, red and blue, and their big beautiful white oxen were not only well-groomed and bright-harnessed for the occasion, but with black polished hoofs, blue bead necklaces and golden flower garlands; their great horns gilded and vermillioned by turns. Every sweeper too was wearing a new turban, and of the town's color—as were all the employes and the higher officers of the town, as well as the mayor and myself—and this arranged, with his warm approval, as symbol of the democracy of civic service. When the sweepers started their march, headed by their village-headman—as magnificently white-bearded and stately an old patriarch as one could wish for any scene—I greeted him warmly, and took from his broom-garland a big marigold for my buttonhole.

Thereupon a burst of cheers went down the line.

"Well done; a good idea!" cried the mayor to me.

"Why? What?" said I.

Said he, "Custom would not let me do that, as a Brahmin, to an Untouchable; but as a European you were free to: you could not have done better: you have treated them as men, as equals, and thus encouraged them more than I can tell you!" (And so indeed it afterwards proved.)

After the sweepers came the caste laborers, the firemen and police, and then the officials and mayor: and behind them, enthroned on stately car and in worthy splendor of apparel, a new goddess, evoked for the occasion—Indore City—with her mural crown, like Rama and more. She bore her appropriate symbol, a banner, on one side illuminated with the city's name, and on the other with the city-plan, simplified around its blue uniting rivers, and with its future changes outlined in red amid the existing black. Then followed big models of the public library, museum, theatre and other projected public buildings; and best of all, of better homes.

Thereafter, the cars of the Crafts; on one the masons hewing, on another the bricklayers, the joiners, the carvers, the ironworkers and so on, not forgetting the potters; and all of them busily acting their parts.

Finally the future gardens: great drays laden with fruit-laden banana plants, papayas and more; and with flowers as well, and sacks of fruit, to toss to the children. We even sacrificed the Maharaja's biggest and best orange-tree, which went swaying through the streets, and dropping its golden burden. And to wind up all, a dray giving away innumerable tiny pots with seedlings of the Tulsi plant, (*Ocymum sanctum* of Linnaeus) the "sacred basil" of European poets, which is the central symbol of the well-kept Hindu home.

Thus we perambulated pretty well the whole city for the long afternoon; and then wound up at dark at the public park, where the Giant of Dirt and the Rat of Plague were burned in a great bonfire; and their disappearance announced by fire-works.

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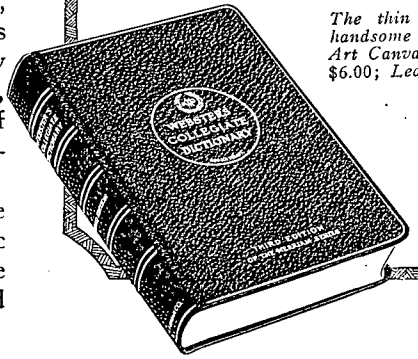

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VI.

SO much then of pageantry; but now the fruit. Of the thousand or so of plots in the garden suburbs I had laid out, over 700 were soon taken up; for improvement was now in the air, and among all classes. There was no more fear of me. The people again talked and pointed; but now my assistant needed no pressing to translate.

"Do you know what they're saying now?" he said to me. "They are crying after you: 'There's the old Sahib that's charmed away the plague!'"

Indeed so much was I esteemed by the people as a benevolent wizard (and the plague really did stop then, its season being about over) that the mayor asked me to write to the local papers. This I did, taking occasion to explain that while our undertakings were undoubtedly the strongest of charms against the plague, faith in them was not enough, without active cooperation from all the people of Indore too, towards keeping all things clean.

No doubt there have since been grave delays: the city renewal proceeds but slowly: a metropolis of malarial neurasthenia, though thus for the time regaining heart and hope, does not so easily retain these. Still, things have not by any means so much failed as they otherwise might; and after seven years it is encouraging to hear from various sides that the lessons of the pageant have been remembered. The sweepers work the better for it; the rats are more kept down; so that plague has abated, and public health generally stands substantially better than before.

VII.

YOU may ask how all this bears on American cities? Well, my treatment of the sweepers was directly adapted from what I knew of the doings of Colonel Waring with his men in New York years before. So perhaps in turn the reader may be stirred to devise kindred enterprises in his own place and way, finding his own substitutes for my elephants and what not. I was to have done it for another Prince's capital three summers ago, but state-mourning prevented. The general idea goes further—that all cities, towns, even villages, and everywhere, are in need of such stir of show and festival to awake them from their daily routine; and from the depression, even stagnation, of civic thought and hope.

So far then from being discouraged, as we planners tend at times to be, by the slow and timid response of our public, let us fall back upon the angler's reflection—that if we don't catch the fish, there's no use blaming them. Let us improve our methods: and this of the Civic Pageant—when of no mere commemoration, as mostly hitherto, but also of sharp criticism of the defects of the present, and bright display of possibilities of the future—is at any rate one way for doing so.

Nor are any such great resources and preparations necessary. Though in Edinburgh we have made great pageants, we can do wonders with but a single piper. For children cannot but follow: the procession thus soon forms, and grows. All passers-by become spectators, and faces come to windows, soon opening down the long unlovely street. Better too than him of Hamelin, our piper leads to some new Children's Garden, henceforth their own for work and play. The music passes; yet even as things are, in this "day of small things," its sowing of citizenship is not all lost.

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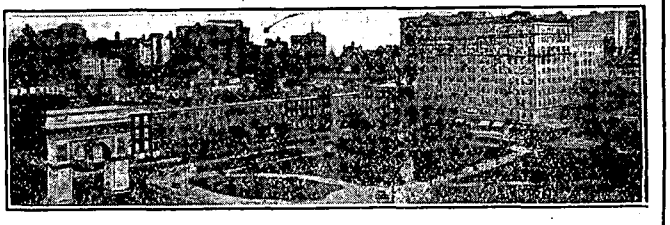

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in the heart of the clothing industry, it profits by accessibility to markets for raw materials and finished goods. Though it has based achievement on substantial merit, it profits by the goodwill of other manufacturers. Its factory, built at a cost of $165,000, probably could not be duplicated for less than $200,000, because from the bricklaying upwards, it gained by special discounts from men who were interested in its work. On the other hand, these very facts show an intelligent grasp of the situation by taking advantage of the favorable factors which were available. Other conditions might dictate the choice of another industry, another scheme of organization, to which much of the technique worked out so successfully at Altro would, of course, be applicable.

EXPERIMENTS in the field of tuberculosis "after-care" have been tried in other parts of the country. One of the most interesting of these is the Tomahawk Lake Camp in Wisconsin, for the physical rehabilitation of tuberculous men, establishad in 1913 by the State Board of Control on 550 acres of the State Forest Reservation. By its nature this camp does not re-fit men to industry, but it provides graduated outdoor tasks to "harden" the quiescent and arrested cases sent to it from the sanatoria of the state. In the beginning the men do only light work—such as gathering brush on land that is being cleared by more seasoned workers —and this for only one hour a day. As time goes on they become able to undertake heavy outdoor duties—lumbering, roadmaking, building on the camp grounds and repairing motors on the place, running the light power plant, poultry husbandry, butchering, painting, building row boats and canoes, and running the motor boats. The patients themselves have cleared between fifteen and twenty acres of land for farming and four acres for gardens. The camp almost from the start has been under the direction of a man who himself is a "san graduate," Frank Reich, who broke down in a manufacturing job in Milwaukee, and started again, after taking the cure, as a storekeeper at the State Sanatorium. The medical superintendent of the state sanatorium visits the camp once or twice a month.

At present the capacity of the camp is only twenty-two patients. But after more than ten years of successful work on this limited scale Tomahawk Lake has had its reward in a recent appropriation of $115,250 by the State Board of Control. This will provide pavilions to house forty additional men, a power house plant, a farm building, a workshop and other needed buildings and equipment. A study made several years ago showed that less than 9 per cent of the men who had spent from six months to a year at the camp had broken down in later life.

The Central New England Sanatorium at Rutland, Massachusetts, recently opened, prescribes farm and industrial work for its patients while they still are in an institution known as a "san," either as active or after-care patients. The Detroit Tuberculosis Association is establishing a farm and industrial colony for after-care cases and their families, with the expectation of housing each family in a cottage and paying a salary sufficient to maintain its members in comfort. A little workshop at Tujunga, California, provides guarded employment in making doll's furniture, for ten men and women who have had tuberculosis. Economic

AFTER "SAN"—A JOB

(*Continued from page* 519)

as well as physical rehabilitation is the aim of the Ida Potts Memorial Hospital, to be opened next fall at Livingstone, New York, under the direction of experts connected with the National Tuberculosis Association, through nearly $1,500,000 provided for buildings and endowment by the will of Miss Potts.

IN the area from which this institution may draw patients, the New England states, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, there are 21,500 sanatorium beds for tuberculous patients. More than twice that number of persons pass through them a year. It is estimated that at the very least 5 per cent of these fall within the class to which the Potts Memorial will be restricted—arrested cases of tuberculosis in persons who cannot return to their former or similar occupations—and so must pass through a period of "sheltered employment," which may mean retraining for a new job which eventually will support them. Both industrial and agricultural pursuits will be offered, their precise nature to be determined by careful study and experimentation. There will be accommodation for forty or fifty patients at the start and it is hoped that eventually that number may be increased two hundred.

But even two hundred people—and added to them the group at Altro and the New England Sanatorium and the other resources of the northeastern part of the country—leaves a big gap between the number who can receive this kind of care each year and the 4,000 or more (at the lowest estimate) who need it. That gap is multiplied many fold by adding the rest of the country. An effective program of after care of the tuberculous with the facilities necessary to put it into practice, is needed, far and wide, to secure the best returns from the present investment of time, effort and money in the treatment of the active stages of the disease.

Not alms, but an earned income is the right of thousands of men and women who go under each year because they can find no bridge which will carry them safely from the peaceful inactivity of the sanatorium back to a hurly-burly world which has little time to adjust itself to their frailties and fears. It may be hoped that eventually employers and labor, working together, may devise methods whereby shops and factories will provide places for former workers crippled by accident or illness. In many instances this would require little more than the will to do so, and adaptiveness in working out the solutions. A number of large employers of labor (stores, banks and the like) now have the problems of their tuberculous employes handled by the New York Tuberculosis Association, taking the guidance of its experts as to the treatment needed, helping to underwrite the cost, and following their advice as to the kind and amount of work to which the patient can return when he is able to go back into their employment. Many plants already have a staff physician or a nurse who could carry out the necessary supervision on the job. Industry is largely responsible for the circumstances out of which tuberculosis develops and ultimately it must pay either for prevention or reestablishment, carrying the burden of its own wastage and leaving to the community only the inevitable residue which must be laid to individual misfortune and to the ignorance and carelessness of all of us.

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A WEEK IN WEST VIRGINIA

(*Continued from page 534*)

the non-union workers there (in many cases 30 per cent higher than Charleston prices) that you are given to think.

From such neutral sources as you can find you gather that the community as a whole is sick unto death of all this guard business, is willing to give union organizers a chance to see, if by peaceful persuasion, they can add to their ranks in Logan.

"I don't think there is much union sentiment in Logan," said a lawyer. "I'd be surprised if more than 10 per cent of the workers would join up; but by the Lord Harry, I think it's time we found out the truth and we can never do this as long as Don Chafin beats up every organizer who steps off the train."

It does begin to look as though Logan were anxious to come back to democratic methods. The "strong man" stuff begins to pall after twelve hectic years.

FRIDAY. A clear, cold day with a chance to get some pictures at the Crown Hill colony near Charleston where they have been out in tents, some of them for three years.

Here's five-year-old Louise Bryant proudly holding up a wriggling white puppy and eighty year old Luther Griggs who is going blind after seventy years of coal-digging, both good union folks helping each other to bear the monotony of the years under canvas. Louise and most of her playmates are in sad need of shoes. Griggs could do with a stout coat.

"What do you women do?"

"Well, you see, we have to watch the kids more carefully living out like this; they're liable to get wild and out of hand. And then there's lots of figuring to be done to make the union rations last through the two weeks and by night time we're all pretty well tuckered out. We get together sometimes and have quilting parties or someone reads out loud of one of these story book magazines. There's movies down the road about five miles but we ain't got no money for such. Let me tell you, Mister, keeping house in an army tent ain't no soft job."

"Do you want your husband to go back?"

"And go scabbing? Say, if I ever cotched him doing that I'd stomp him clear through the floor of this tent."

Far away in the valley below the tents a train whistles. In the Pullman smoker a travelling salesman looks out on the spirals of smoke twisting up from the tents.

"Say, are them red-necks still out on strike? I thought they'd settled that long ago."

"I guess they are," says his neighbor, returning to his cross-word puzzle, "what do you suppose a two letter word meaning 'bone' could be?"

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YOUNG JEWISH WOMAN, teacher, social worker or dietitian, to take active interest in girls camp 150 miles from New York City. Small investment required. State education and experience in first letter. 5036 SURVEY.

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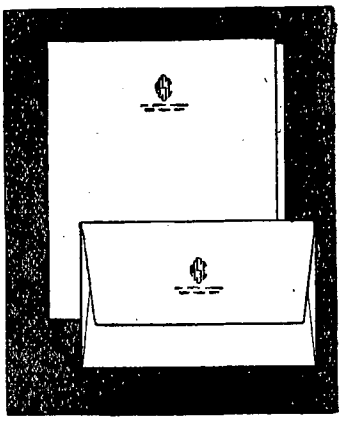

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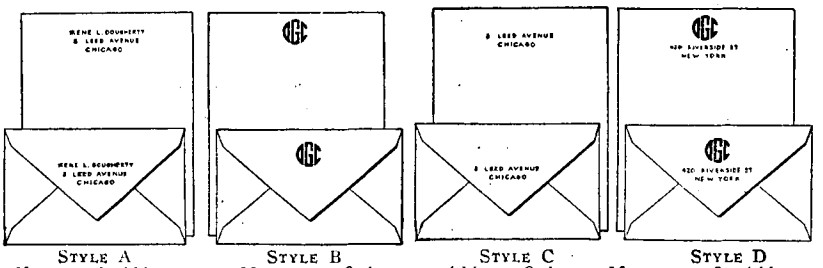

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COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS—156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Organized in 1908; 20 constituent Protestant national women's mission boards. Florence E. Quinlan, exec. sec'y. Committee on Farm and Cannery Migrants, Summer Service for College Students, Laura H. Parker, exec. supervisor.

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA—Constituted by 28 Protestant communions. Rev. C. S. Macfarland and Rev. S. M. Cavert, Gen. Sec's; 105 E. 22d St., N.Y.C.
Dept. of Research and Education, Rev. F. E. Johnson, Sec'y.
Commissions: Church and Social Service, Rev. W. M. Tippy, Sec'y; International Justice and Goodwill: Rev. S. L. Gulick, Sec'y; Church and Race Relations: Dr. G. E. Haynes, Sec'y.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE—Trains Negro and Indian youth for community service. Advanced courses: agriculture, builders, business, home-economics, normal. Publishes "Southern Workman" and free material on Negro problems. J. E. Gregg, principal.

INTERNATIONAL MIGRATION SERVICE—To assemble data on international social problems and through work with individual cases to develop methods of international social service. Headquarters, London. Viscountess Gladstone, chairman; Professor Gilbert Murray, treasurer; Ruth Larned, executive. Address all inquiries to American bureau, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Director, Mary E. Hurlbutt.

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—First appointed 1854, located New York City 1866, incorporated 1883. Headquarters office, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Tel., Vanderbilt 1200. Branch offices, Chicago, Atlanta, Denver. Chairman, James M. Speers; treasurer, B. H. Fancher; general secretary, John R. Mott. The Committee maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries for service in the interests of the Young Men's Christian Associations at home and abroad.

JOINT COMMITTEE ON METHODS OF PREVENTING DELINQUENCY—Graham Romeyn Taylor, executive director, 50 East 42nd Street, New York. To promote the adoption of sound methods in this field, with particular reference to psychiatric clinics, visiting teacher work, and training for these and similar services; to conduct related studies, education and publication; and to interpret the work of the Commonwealth Fund Program for the Prevention of Delinquency.

NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Mabel Cratty, general secretary, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries to cover work in the United States in 1,034 local Y. W. C. A.'s on behalf of the industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, Colored and younger girls. It has 159 American secretaries at work in 49 centers in the Orient, Latin America and Europe.

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Owen R. Lovejoy, general secretary, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York. Industrial, agricultural investigations. Works for improved laws and administration, children's codes. Studies child labor, health, schools, recreation, dependency, delinquency, etc. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100 includes monthly publication, "The American Child."

NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE ASSOCIATION, INC. (est. 1912, incorp. 1914), 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (tel. Chelsea 8774). Promotes as its chief object the building of character in the children of America through the harmonious development of their bodies, minds, and spirits. Its method is, in co-operation with other organizations, to originate and disseminate educational material in the form of posters, books, bulletins, charts, slides, and insignia. Through its "American Order of Nobility" it provides homes, schools and church schools with a method of character training through actual practice. Officers: Dr. John H. Finley, Pres.; Amos L. Prescott, Treas.; Charles F. Powlison, Gen. Sec'y.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE, INC.—Dr. William H. Welch, honorary president; Dr. Charles P. Emerson, president; Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, medical director; Dr. Clarence J. D'Alton, executive assistant; Clifford W. Beers, secretary; 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Pamphlets on mental hygiene, mental and nervous disorders, feeblemindedness, epilepsy, inebriety, delinquency, and other mental problems in human behavior, education, industry, psychiatric social service, etc. "Mental Hygiene," quarterly, $3.00 a year; "Mental Hygiene Bulletin," monthly, $ .50 a year.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS—Lewis H. Carris, managing director; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, secretary; 130 East 22nd Street, New York. Objects: To furnish information, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, personal service for local organizations and legislation, publish literature of movement—samples free, quantities at cost. Includes New York State Committee.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Wm. J. Norton, president, Detroit, Michigan; W. H. Parker, Secretary, 25 East Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. The Conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fifty-second annual meeting of the Conference will be held in Denver, Colorado, June 10th to 17th, 1925. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS AND PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATIONS—Executive office: Mrs. A. H. Reeve, president, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.; national headquarters: Mrs. Arthur C. Watkins, executive secretary, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. An organization interested in the promotion of child welfare, adequate legislation for women and children, closer relation between home and school.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN—2109 Broadway, New York. Miss Rose Brenner, pres.; Mrs. Estelle M. Sternberger, ex. sec'y. Promotes civic cooperation, education, religion and social welfare in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Europe.
Department of Immigrant Aid—799 Broadway. Miss Florina Lasker, chairman. For the protection and education of immigrant women and girls.
Department of Farm and Rural Work—Mrs. Leo H. Herz, chairman, 5 Columbus Circle, New York City.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF SETTLEMENTS—Albert J. Kennedy, sec'y; 20 Union Park, Boston. Develops broad forms of comparative study and concerted action in city, state and nation, for meeting the fundamental problems disclosed by settlement work, seek the higher and more democratic organization of neighborhood life.

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF GIRLS' CLUBS—Mrs. Fannie M. Pollak, president; Mary L. Ely, Educational Secretary. Non-sectarian and self-governing organization of working women's clubs for recreation and promotion of program in Adult Education. Vacation Camps. 472 West 24th St., New York City.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING—Member, National Health Council—Anne A. Stevens, R.N., director, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. For development and standardization of public health nursing. Maintains library and educational service. Official Magazine, "Public Health Nurse."

NATIONAL PHYSICAL EDUCATION SERVICE—315 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. To obtain progressive legislation for physical education. Established at the request of a committee created by the United States Bureau of Education; 35 national organizations cooperating. Maintained by the Playground and Recreation Association of America.

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